AUGUST 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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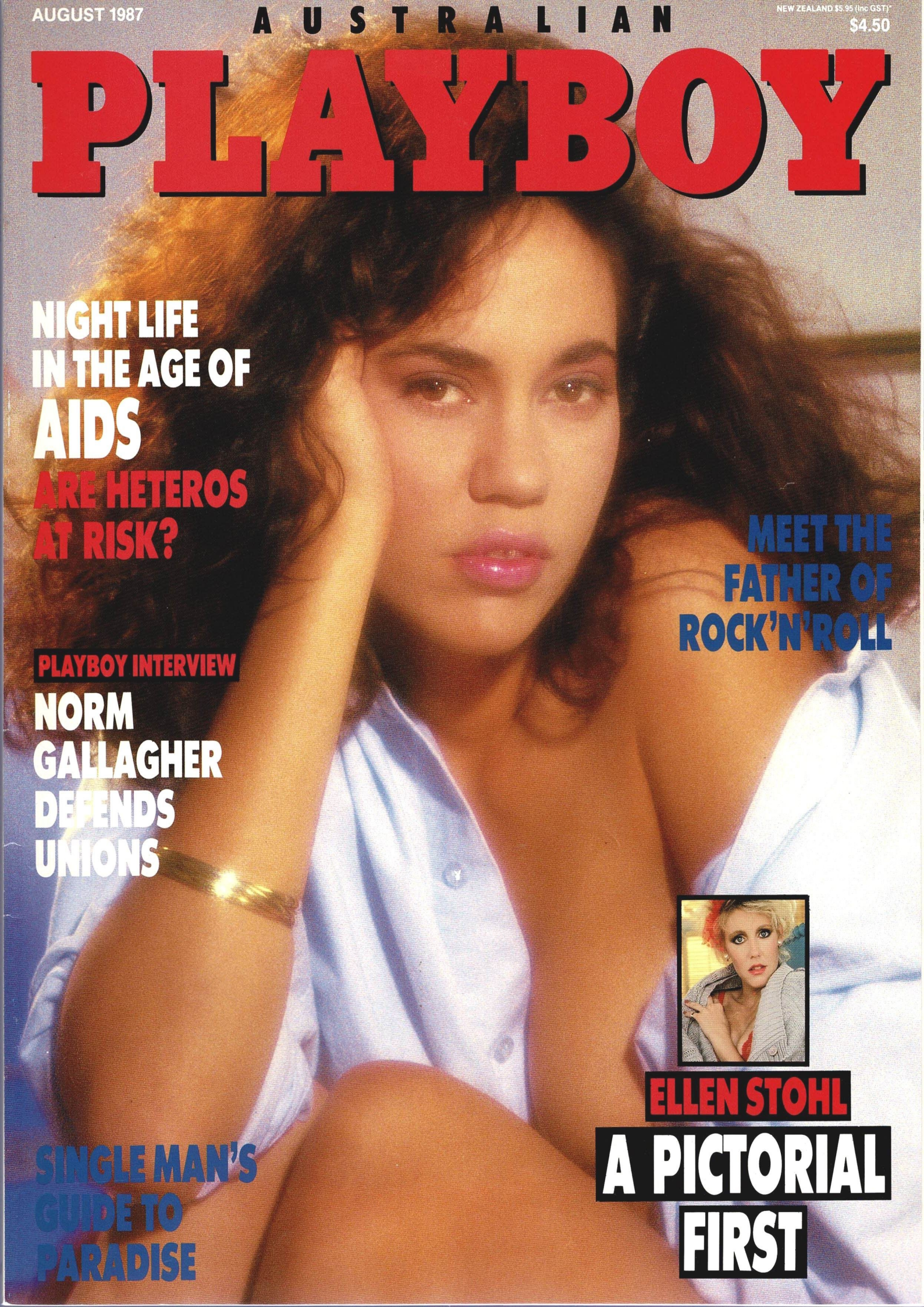

NIGHT LIFE IN THE AGE OF AIDS
ARE HETEROS AT RISK?

MEET THE FATHER OF ROCK'N'ROLL

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
NORM GALLAGHER DEFENDS UNIONS

ELLEN STOHL
A PICTORIAL FIRST

SINGLE MAN'S GUIDE TO PARADISE

SUPERLIGHTS

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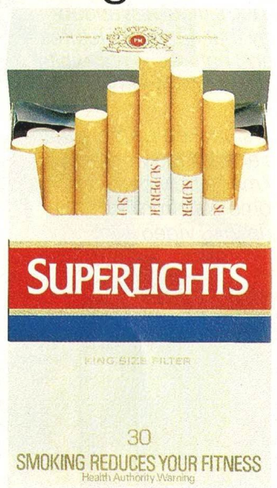
Nothing but taste.



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PLAYBILL

Welcome to a landmark issue of Australian PLAYBOY. In this August edition we present a pictorial first: a remarkable photographic tribute to a sunny young lady who isn't about to allow disability to diminish her lust for life. Ellen Stohl is one terrifically spunky woman. She's a full-time student, a part-time actress and model, and an accomplished public speaker. She drives a car, rides a horse and a bike, skis, studies martial arts — and is confined to a wheelchair.

Ellen Stohl has forced us to reassess our view of the handicapped as "victims". Here is a woman who has refused to let a disabling motor vehicle accident spoil her dream. We know you'll be enchanted with our *Meet Ellen Stohl* pictorial, photographed by **Steve Wayda**. And while on the topic of enchantment, be sure to linger over our desirable Miss August, Desiree Brown, photographed by **Daniel Nolan**, and our luscious pictorial of Carmen Berg with shots by **Pompeo Posar**. And to round off this month's eye-popping visuals, we have Katrine Michelsen who's being hailed in Europe as the new Brigitte Bardot.

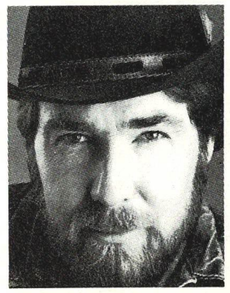
Our Playboy Interview subject this month is Norm Gallagher, *enfant terrible* of the BLF. In a challenging discussion with veteran interviewer **Peter Olszewski**, Gallagher speaks out on unionism, politics under Hawke, the rights of Australian workers and taking on the government. An encounter of a rather different kind takes place in our *A Little Tutti-Frutti Goes A Long Way* feature. **John Waters**, the director of such underground camp movie epics as *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*, meets father of rock'n'roll Little Richard for a nerve-racking interview session. **Blair Drawson** provided the art.

AIDS is an issue on a lot of minds, but have the deliberately pressed panic buttons had as great an impact on our sexual behavior as the media would have us believe? In a special Australian PLAYBOY feature, we asked a band of roving reporters to hit the bars, clubs, pubs and discos of our largest cities and speak to heterosexual males and females about AIDS. Our *Nightlife In The Age Of Aids* is a compilation of the fears and opinions of a cross-section of young Australians. In partnership with our nightlife survey is **David Black**'s report *A Calm Look At AIDS*, in which he examines the realities of the so-called epidemic. Both pieces have been illustrated by **Gary Kelley**. Still on the subject of AIDS, in this month's Women column, **Cynthia Heimel** tackles the angst and paranoia the disease so readily provokes.

With summer on the horizon, it's time to get in shape, mate. Tone those muscles, reduce that paunch, tighten that arse. Easier said than done, we know. Check out *The Attack Of The Killer-Joules* by **Diane Parks**: it's an easy-to-follow course in diet control to shift unruly flab. The illustration is by **Frants Kantor**. Trim, taut and dangerous? Itching for a good island holiday? If you're thinking of travelling alone, best dip into **Danny A. Rose**'s *Intruder In Paradise*. It's a guide for the Single Man to Tahiti, the South Pacific's fabled honeymoon land. Yes, you can survive solo!

In *Pulling Power*, motoring editor **Rob Luck** test-drives the Nissan EXA, a compact sports machine which he's dubbed the ultimate aphrodisiac on wheels. **Vitek**'s *Outside In* is a stylish fashion spread on good-looking cover-ups for big, bad winter days, and in our intimate Dear Girls Of Playboy page, your favorite Playmates and pictorial stars talk about the parts of a man's body they'd rather see *un*covered.

Add to all that **Richard Beckett**'s Booze page on cognac and armagnac, and a Sport column by **Phil Jarratt** on the differences in behavior between the tennis brats of centre court and the gentlemen of the golf greens, and you have one heavy landmark on your hands. What are you waiting for? Go for it.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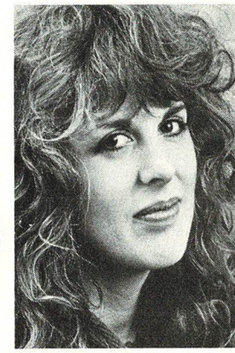
WATERS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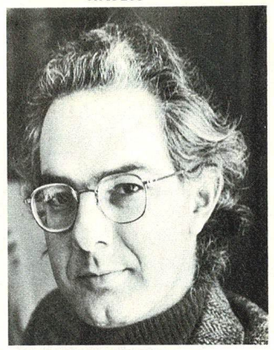
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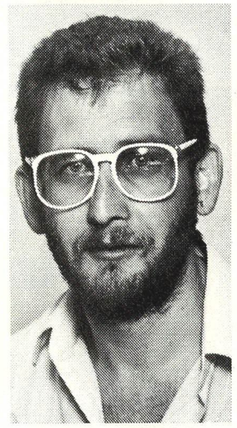
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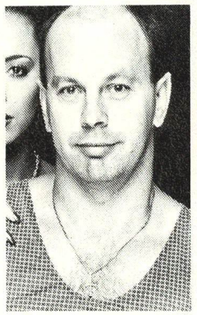
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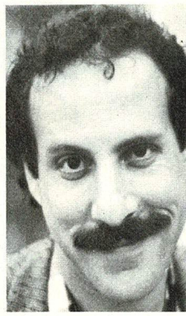
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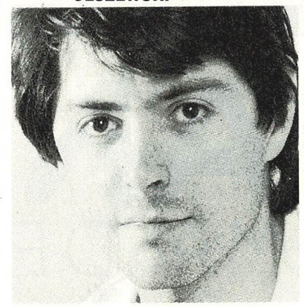
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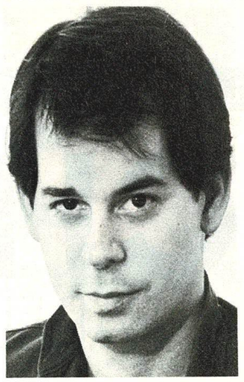
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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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August 1987. Cover Desiree Brown. Photographed by Daniel Nolan.

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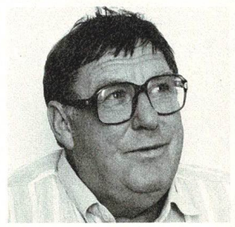
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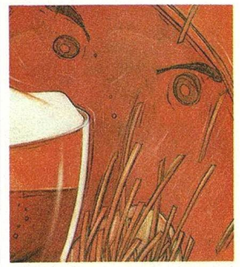

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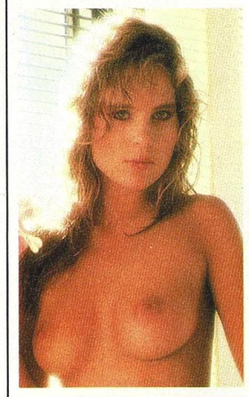

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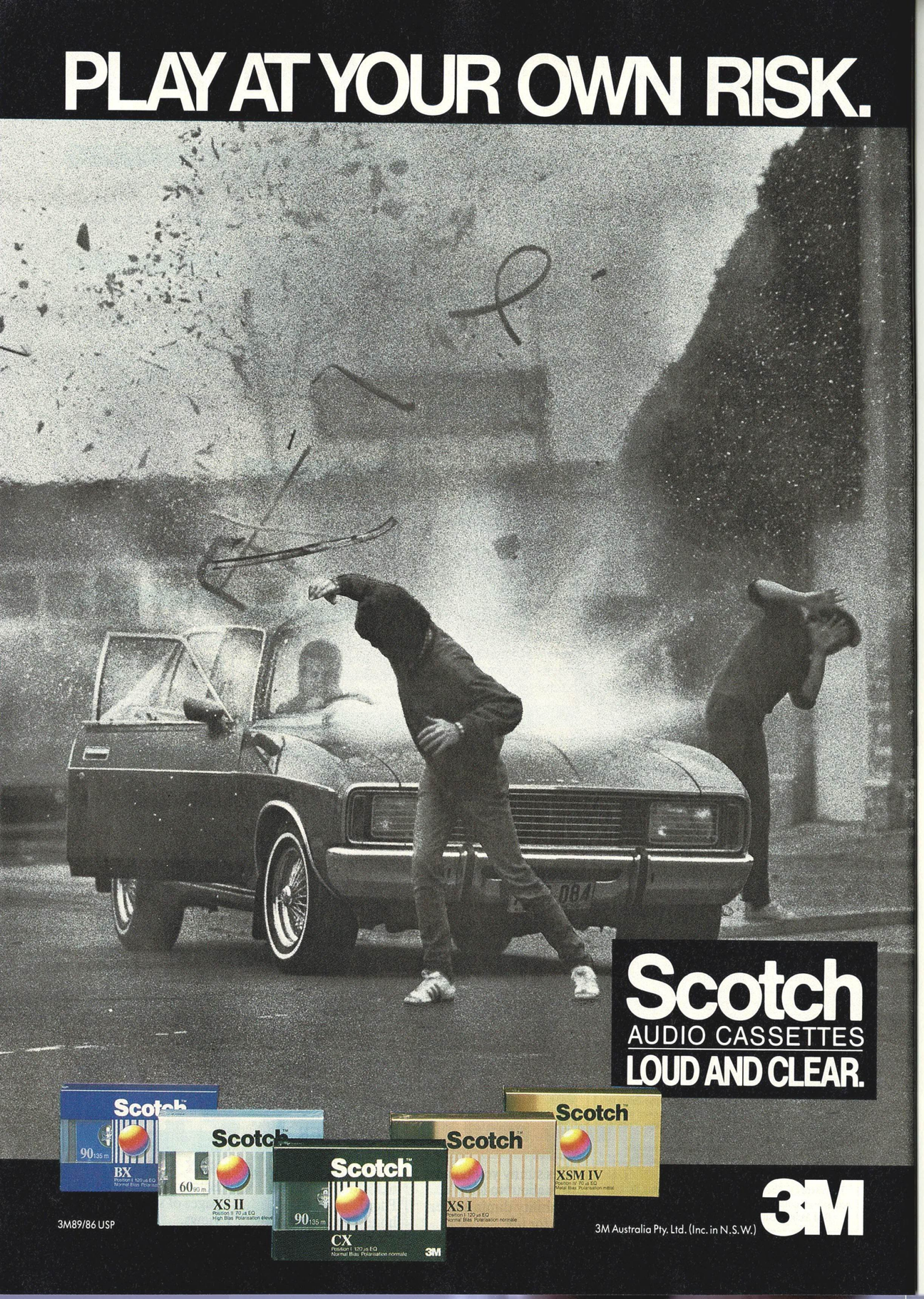


DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

JUST NOT CRICKET

I found your Sport column in the March issue a little disturbing. Nero fiddled while Rome burned, Hitler partied while the Jews were being turned into glue and soap, and now Kim Hughes plays cricket while black South Africans are being tortured and murdered.

And Noel Mengel thinks Australia needs people like that.

A. Lewis,
South Sydney, NSW.

IN GOOD TASTE

When I first bought Australian PLAYBOY I was slightly put off by the emphasis on women with their legs up around their head — all in the interest of getting a good shot of their best parts. But, now! Wow, your pictorials are much sexier due to the fact that some of the female body is covered, leaving room for the erotic imagination to roam free!

And you must receive full marks and the Nobel Prize for photography (there should be one!) for your pictorial on Janet Jones in the April issue. It's very classy and I think photographer Steve Wayda has shown excellent taste in his shots.

Michael J.,
Warwick, Qld.

Please write in again with your full address, Michael, so we can organise that free subscription — Ed.

HOME COOKING

Thanks for the tasty recipes and the handy home hints in the June issue of Australian PLAYBOY (*The Bachelor's Home Companion*). Unfortunately the other tenants of my flat are complaining about the smell, and even I must confess I don't feel very well after trying spice slumgullion twice in one week.

Still, there's one thing I don't have to worry about. The cockroaches and the rats have all left. It may have been the Library Paste Guacamole I left in the dish the other week.

I had intended washing up afterwards, honestly I had.

Graham J.,
South Melbourne, Vic.

P.J. O'Rourke's *The Bachelor's Home Companion* is the most screamingly funny thing I've read in an awfully long while. I've just got married so I read it with my wife and she laughed even louder than I did when she remembered the state of my bachelor flat (and especially the kitchen).

James R.,
Nowra, NSW.

MIAMI SPICE

Your spicy Playboy Inteview with Don Johnson in February was a great read. An autobiography would be the next logical step. How about it, Don? You'd sell a million.

Chris W.,
Longreach, Qld.

WORK OF AART

Chantal Aarts, your divine Miss April, is one of the most attractive women you have ever featured. She's a fine work of "aart"!

Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY, for presenting such a beautiful woman.

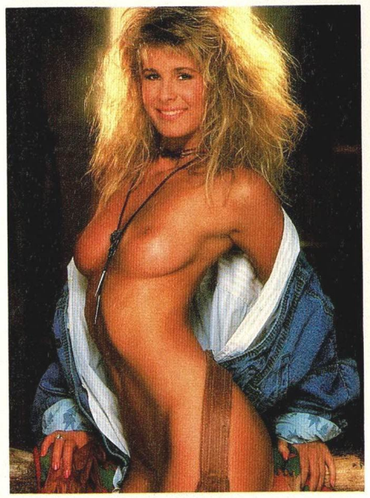
Gary van Guytenburg,
Glen Waverley, Vic.

KYM'S FOR HIM

I wish to thank photographer Richard Fegley for his splendid photography of Kym Paige in your June issue. Pity she wasn't a Playmate because I reckon she would have the inside track for the 1988 Playmate Of The Year.

Shane F.,
Belrose, NSW.

Fegley says thanks for your comments but adds that it's absolutely painless to take splendid shots when you're working with someone of Kym's calibre. Here's another splendid peep — Ed.



BLOODY MESS

Memo to Susan Kurosawa, re your Good Manners Primer in the June Women column. While you're worrying about the males in your life putting the toilet seat down after use (and why shouldn't *you* raise it *after* use?), just bear in my mind you could be a whole lot more indignant if they failed to raise it *before* use, and you ended up with a damp behind. Errr, yuk! Once you've experienced all those tell-tale splashes I'm sure you'll become a lot more tolerant of toilet raisers.

It's my experience that women always use 10 times as much loo paper as men do anyway. Nor do they ever seem to notice the little cellophane wrapping off their tampons which always seem to end up on the bathroom floor.

Indeed, some of them even forget to flush the damned things, an oversight guaranteed to induce glassy-eyed trauma in the strongest stomached male. So there!

R. O'C.,
Chippendale, NSW.

EXCUSES FOR AGGRESSION

It is timely to read the truth behind Ronald Reagan's ill-fated bombing of Tripoli (*Sixty Seconds Over Tripoli*, June 1987) just when our own pollies are busy stirring up hysteria about Libyan influence in the South Pacific. Don't these guys ever look at the map?

It always seemed to me to be more like the United States asking for trouble when they started to challenge the Libyans over sailing rights in the Gulf of Sidraa. I mean, who needs that kind of aggravation? Once again you just have to consult the map and see the Americans overreacted to some well-aimed stirring from the leader of what is essentially a minor power. It's amazing how people will take notice if you've got lots of money and are prepared to insult the Yankee infidels all round the houses!

Really, the world's strongest nation should be mature enough to ignore such schoolboy insults. Gaddafi isn't going to be there forever. Instead they concoct these ridiculous excuses for a naked act of aggression against a sovereign state with whom they are not at war and are so arrogant they not only expect their allies to support them, but they don't care when they are found out in their pathetic lies.

Little wonder that the average Libyan is much more contented with his lot than his counterpart in the good old US of A. Congratulations to Andrew Cockburn for a first-rate expose of the way we "democrats" carry on when we get cross with other countries who can't retaliate in kind.

Peacelover,
Kambah, ACT.

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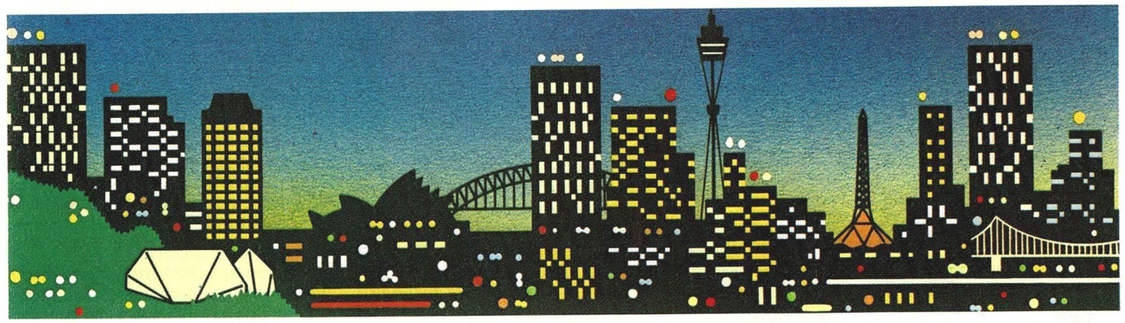
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DARLING, JUST ONE MORE LEG UP

Admitting that, if he'd stayed with her, Miss Sandra Ross might not have broken her leg as she climbed into her youth hostel, Mr William Totter, an 18-year-old police cadet, told the court: "I see my duty now. But I am working as a supervisor at Santa Claus Land and have to be up very early. After we met at the local disco and had sex eight or nine times in the car park I was too fatigued to see her home."

ALICE FOOLS THE PALACE

The British *Sunday Express* revealed in shocked tones recently that a Norfolk woman who had been receiving messages of congratulation from the Queen for the past seven years was in fact a faker. Alice Oldfield had been given slap-up parties and ferried around in a Rolls-Royce because everyone thought she was 107. At a party a former schoolmate recognised Alice, who has actually still got 11 years to wait for her next royal telegram.

These young people today. . . they just get things too easy!

CHINA SYNDROME

Waiting to board a domestic flight at Guangzhou, China, passengers were a trifle disconcerted to be told the aircraft was "sick" and a new one would be found. They became downright nervous, however, when told, a couple of hours later, "New aircraft more sick, so we will take first one."

Meanwhile, passengers on a Qantas flight from Bombay to London looked askance when a steward announced: "I would give you the emergency safety instructions but I'm afraid the tape machine has broken down. Instead I'll read them manually." Or once a year, as Peter Sellers would have said.

AIDS BLUDGERS

Mistaking them for heating allowance vouchers, several old-age pensioners in South Wales have been trying to exchange their Welsh language version of the AIDS warning for cash.

COURTLY LOVE

Remember the days of Ken Rosewall and Rod Laver when tennis used to be the world's politest sport? Now, the raspberries and screams on Centre Court are tastier than the strawberries and cream in the clubhouse. Most of the players hate each other's guts:

John McEnroe on Ivan Lendl: "We don't deal with each other. Do I admire Lendl? No."

Lendl on Mac: "I prefer not to deal with him. I don't think he's worth it."

Mac on Lendl: "I could have my personality up my ass and still be more popular than him."

Boris Becker on Mac: "Even though he took six or seven months off, he's still the same guy, which is sad."

Mac on the trouble with Lendl: "It's his whole persona. I don't have any desire to talk to him on a human level."

Mac on Becker: "The guy hasn't really said anything about anything. The other side should be shown — that this is a kid trying to figure out what the hell is going on."

Becker on Lendl and Lendl's countrymen: "The Czechs are strange, all of them. Maybe it's the land."

Mac on Jimmy Connors: "I don't think I could ever be that phony."

Meanwhile courtesy and humility are only slightly more evident in the women's draw:

Martina Navratilova on losing to Steffi Graf: "She's the best player in the world and she will be until I beat her."

Steffi Graf: "Martina isn't so great. She's nervous playing me. And Chris [Evert] isn't so great anymore, either."

Is Lendl interesting enough? Is Becker respectful enough? Is Jimmy too phony? Will Chris get back again with John Lloyd? Turn on *Days Of Our Lives* and listen to the tennis on the radio and it will all begin to make sense. After all, this is just friendly rivalry among the ultra-competitive tennis elite. And if you believe that, we've got a harbor bridge we can sell you on the cheap.

HOT DOG!

Castlereagh Street Court, Sydney, was shocked to learn recently how a young advertising representative had become abusive after a hot dog seller at The Rocks had sprayed tomato sauce over her dress. She then removed her pink stiletto-heeled shoes and began waving them at the street vendor. Indeed she continued to wave the shoes and shout abuse even after two mounted policemen told her to leave the area.

The magistrate was told how the lady in question had pleaded guilty to offensive behavior and resisting arrest, and that one of the police horses had trodden on her foot. He fined her $60 for the offensive behavior charge but did not proceed with a conviction for resisting arrest.

Surely they could have got her for attempting to trip up a police horse?

TRAVELLERS' TALES

From the London *Daily Telegraph*: "Cairo's ancient city-centre boasts a new restaurant for cosmopolitan tastes. According to its publicity, it offers 'An Oriental cuisine with European ambulance'."

But can you charge it to Medicare?

POLICE PRANKS

Alarming tales emerging from the German Federal Republic make us feel relieved to live in Australia, where police corruption is merely the subject of scurrilous rumor.

Inspector Max Kipp, of the Bremen serious crimes squad, was obliged to report, with a certain understandable embarrassment, that when the result was announced of the first prize in the Policeman's Ball grand raffle (an antique soup tureen) "Frau Bamberg found she had the winning ticket. However, when she stepped up to receive her tureen, she flung up her hands and declared that this very tureen had been stolen from her mother's house only three days ago. And I'm afraid to say that the teapot and the biscuit barrel that formed the second and third prizes came from the same source."

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BOOZE

Chilly winter evenings are just right for big fires and generous serves of cognac.

The benchmark for fine brandy has always been cognac, which takes its name from the French town of Cognac. Strictly speaking, cognac cannot be called cognac unless it comes from the designated grape-growing region which provides the raw material for the distilled liquid. And a good thing, too. Far too many good distilled spirits have had their names ruined by spurious offerings pretending to be what they are not.

The pride of the cognacs lies in being aged up to 30 or 40 years in oak barrels, with topping up from year to year to allow for evaporation. After 40 years they are not really all that good; as one critic puts it, "After that there is no detectable improvement, no matter how long the brandy is kept. This very old brandy. . . is difficult to drink. It vaporises in the mouth before you can swallow much of it, so you get more in the form of gas than of liquid. The taste includes a slight reminiscense of camphor."

So there you are: mothball fumes at about $100 a glass or snifter. But those very old cognacs are beyond the reach of most of us ordinary mortals. And as even a cognac of moderate pedigree can cost between $40 and $70 a bottle, it is a drink you want to think about carefully before you rush out and buy a case of the stuff.

In the past the standard cognacs available in Australia were Remy Martin, Martell, Courvoisier ("The Brandy Of Napoleon"), and Hennessy. For general drinking, most experts, or at least the French experts, rate them as 1st Hennessy, 2nd Martell and 3rd Remy Martin. Courvoisier comes a little further down the list. To those I would also add Bisquit, which I have found very much to my taste over a number of years.

Anyway, this winter, feeling slightly flush, I gave a number of them a taste test. This was not as expensive as it may sound, because most tolerable cognacs are sold in miniatures, but even then they can be a mite steep. A selection of three Martell miniatures, for example, in a silly little presentation box (which I regretfully had to buy to get at the liquid), came to $25, and an old armagnac I tried after the cognacs was $12 for 50ml. Not cheap drinking, as I said, but most enjoyable on a winter's night in front of the fire, with some decent black coffee to help things along.

If you want to taste cognacs, don't worry about those dreadful oversized balloon glasses. I don't quite know how that fashion got started but it is one that refuses to go away, much to the joy of the glass industry. It's simply not necessary to warm the brandy glass over a flame. Cupping it in your hands will do more than adequately (as long as the glass has not just been whipped out of the refrigerator or rescued from a raging blizzard).

Anyway, to take the three Martells first, I was not terribly impressed by that company's cheapest cognac, VS. It seemed on the thin and bland side, rather lacking in guts. But the Martell Cordon Bleu (the company's second top offering) was really excellent. Quite a smoky flavor and no gassing of mothballs in the mouth. The Medaillon liqueur cognac, also from Martell, proved a full flavored and friendly little drop, but with slightly less depth than the Cordon Bleu. I then proceeded to try Bisquit and Courvoisier, both of which were as good as I remembered. A bit of caramel and, once again, nice depth.

I might say that I spread this cognac-tasting over three nights so things didn't get too confused and I advise other interested parties to do the same. While a 30ml bottle doesn't give two full nips, it affords more than enough of a taste in the bottom of a crystal glass. And, after all, the object of the exercise is not to get drunk, or even squiffy, but to bring on a feeling of mellow contentment.

After that I went on to another familiar friend, the Remy Martin VSOP. It had decidedly more caramel in it than either of the three Martells or the Bisquit, but it's a taste I rather like. I have a feeling most Australians like deeper tastes in their brandies than other races and also (at least in the male division) prefer them not to be oversweet, or even to have any sugar presence at all.

I then tried a couple that were new to me. There has been an enormous increase in cognac varieties available on the Australian market, and as this was a random sample taken from a reputable but not snobby liquor outlet, it comprises a reasonably broad selection.

The first was Camus Grand VSOP which was highly recommended by another French friend as being one of the top five. However, to my taste it was rather flat and certainly lighter than the Remy Martin. Not much of a sniff to it either, but that was possibly because at least some Frenchmen prefer their cognacs to be rather over-refined. (On the other hand it may be that we have all burnt our palates out with no-star hooch and we therefore miss the subtleties of some of the lighter blends.)

One that really impressed me but wasn't on anyone's recommended list was Baron Otard Fine Champagne VSOP cognac. I rated it with the best of the Martells and superior to both the Bisquit and the Remy Martin. In fact it was one of the nicest brandy surprises I've had for years.

At this point I gave the cognacs away for the moment and had another few tastes of armagnac, a brandy equally beloved by the French, but less well known outside their country.

Although rated as fine a brandy as cognac, armagnac is made by a slightly different method. Whereas cognac is made in batches from blends of different wines which are distilled together, armagnac is made by the method of continuous distillation of unmixed wines. Hence it has a slightly different balance.

As for cognac, the barrel in which the spirit is aged is important, but once again there is a difference. For cognac the oldest barrels are regarded as being the best, but new oak is used for armagnac. At times this gives various distillations an underlying taste not unlike a ripe nectarine.

Because of the new oak it is a lighter spirit than cognac in general, but this doesn't mean that it's tasteless. The one that I consider came up best was an Armagnac de Montal, VSOP. I might add that the Armagnac people once had the reputation of being the hardest fighters in all of France.

I can't say I found any fights in the bottom of my armagnac glass, just a lot of enjoyment. But as it is not as snobbishly popular as cognac, it can be a little difficult to track down at times. It is rarely found in cut-price liquor shops. Check out those shops that do take pride in stocking the unusual. You'll find the search worthwhile. — RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

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MONEY

Pssst! Wanna buy a used car? First make sure it's not owned by a finance company.

Tom W. bought his nine-month-old Ford Laser in a private sale from Alan R. Before he handed over any money, Tom had the car inspected by an auto club mechanic; he also made sure that he was entitled to the three months still left on the new car warranty. The price was a little higher than he planned to pay, but Tom handled that with a five-year, $10,000 loan from his credit union. A few weeks after he bought it, Tom drove the car from Sydney to Surfers Paradise and back without incident. No doubt about it, this was the best car he had ever owned. It was easily worth every cent he paid.

Eight months later Tom's car was repossessed. A man came armed with a load of legal documents and drove it away. This is just what you would expect to happen when someone reneges on a loan, but this case was a little unusual. You see, it wasn't Tom who failed to make his repayments — it was Alan, the guy who sold him the car in the first place.

Tom immediately sought help from the police, but there was nothing they could do. Alan had paid for the Laser with a finance company loan. Until that original debt was repaid, the company remained the legal owner of the car. Because Alan skipped out leaving it holding the baby, the finance company was perfectly entitled to recoup its losses by reclaiming the vehicle and selling it again.

Tom's next stop was his credit union. The manager was sympathetic but no more helpful than the police. He reminded Tom his loan was granted on the basis of a good savings history and steady employment. While it is true that Tom used the money to buy a car which — through no fault of his own — he no longer had, the credit union could hardly be expected to just forget about its cash.

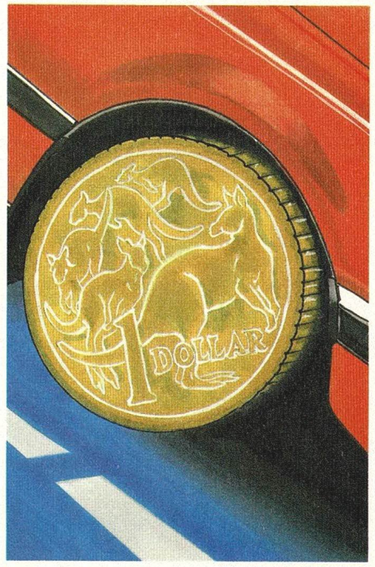
Of course, the manager could appreciate that Tom had been screwed. It was very unfortunate, but it was not the credit union's problem. As far as the loan manager was concerned, Tom still owed the credit union the remainder of the $10,000 loan and he was expected to keep up his repayments until the debt was discharged.

Desperate, Tom contacted the finance company to see whether it could be persuaded to return the car. It agreed to do so under one condition — that Tom pay the $8000 Alan still owed plus the cost of repossession. In other words, Tom was being offered the opportunity to buy the same car twice.

Tom's solicitor summarised the case. Alan sold Tom a car that he didn't really own. Legally, this constituted fraud: Alan could be sent to prison. If Tom sued him, there was no doubt he would win the case. But there were two problems. First, no one had seen Alan since the day he sold Tom the car. Second, even if Alan were found, a successful lawsuit didn't necessarily mean that Tom would get his money back. Alan was perpetually broke: he had never had $10,000 in his life.

It was devastating but the bottom line was this — Tom had no car and he still had to repay the remainder of his $10,000 loan. If he refused to pay, the credit union could sue him. They could even take away his house. It would be a long, long time before Tom had enough money to buy a car like the Laser again.

If only he had had some way of checking on the Laser's financial history before he bought it, Tom could have avoided his tragic fate. And why not? After all, such investigations have long been established practice for anyone contemplating a real estate purchase.



The old British system of real estate records (which still exists in some places) was a complicated jumble of deeds and certificates which, if lost or stolen, could produce all sorts of difficulties. The modern system, called Torrens title (first introduced in South Australia by Sir Robert Richard Torrens in 1858), replaced deeds with a central property register in which all sales are recorded. In the Torrens system, title to all property is based on the information in the register, hence nothing can be lost or forged. When real estate is transferred (what the solicitors call conveyancing), a check is made to be certain that the property is unencumbered. This means that there is no lien recorded against it, no back taxes, unpaid rates, abandoned mortgages, and no unpaid tradesmen. Now that cars cost as much as many houses, it seems silly for prospective car buyers not to be equally careful to ensure that the vehicle they are contemplating buying is not encumbered.

In the past, there was no practical method for conducting such an investigation. A buyer would have had to contact every bank, finance company and credit union. Today, car buyers can find out all they need to know with a single telephone call.

In response to the plight of consumers like Tom, registers of encumbered vehicles have been established in Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland and Tasmania. Lenders notify the register of their interest in a car. Prospective purchasers of second-hand cars can then contact the register and enquire whether a specific car is presently under a hire-purchase, lease or mortgage contract or whether it has been pledged as collateral for a loan.

The system is not perfect. Several of the registers are fairly new so there has not been sufficient time to list all encumbered vehicles. A second problem is the lack of interstate coordination. Thus, a buyer in Queensland may find no listing for a car in his state's register, but the car may appear in another state's register. To be safe, the customer can contact all the registers but even this strategy is not foolproof because Western Australia, South Australia and the Northern Territory have not yet established them.

Despite these problems, the registers represent a major advance in consumer protection. In the near future, all states will have them and someday they will be coordinated so that each register will be able to provide information on cars across the nation. When that day arrives, what happened to Tom will have become a thing of the past.

•

The numbers to ring for the registers already established are:

Queensland:
Motor Vehicles Security Register (07) 224 2585

New South Wales:
Register of Encumbered Vehicles (REVS) (02) 683 0133

Victoria:
Vehicles Security Register (03) 348 1222

Tasmania:
Motor Vehicles Security Register (002) 38 9263

— SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

"Of course they're easy to make. It's just that they taste complicated!"

It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance.

"So watch closely." My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward. "To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice... er, crushed usually... and strawberries. Into the blender." And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, "Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri."

I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, "Encore!"

The BACARDI rum daiquiri.

Try your favourite fruit – bananas, peaches, limes or strawberries.

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APB 1944-A Ogilvy MBA 0098

WOMEN

Sex is good. AIDS is bad. To hell with the hysteria: we need compassion and dignity.

Here is the classic evening amongst single people these days. We sit around, talking of this movie and that restaurant, then maybe a broken relationship, then the new babies everyone is having. Then somebody says something about being sex-starved, then somebody else agrees that it's a sex-starved era and we sit and nod our heads for a moment, lamenting the easier times when sexual alliances formed at the blink of an eye.

And of course it's inevitable, somebody mentions AIDS.

I can always tell when the subject is about to rear its fearsome head: my heart begins a dreadful thumping and my brain starts shrieking, "No, no, no! Change the subject quick! Discuss the weather!"

Because I know what will happen. We will all fall into an abyss of dread and horror, and we won't be able to climb back out again. Not that it happens all at once. We skirt playfully around the issue, confident that this time we won't get sucked down into the morass.

"Well," says Harry, "it just seems so complicated; I mean you have to ask people for blood tests and doctor's reports and whatever."

"And I just don't like condoms," says Melanie.

"You don't like condoms? Hah!" says Fred. "Try being a man. It's like fucking through a shower curtain."

"It's a plague," says Ruth. "We're suddenly living in a time of plague. Like syphilis before penicillin. Like the Black Plague."

So far, okay. Nobody's freaked yet. But then somebody will say it.

"Sometimes I think I have AIDS," says Melanie.

Then we all say "me too," and then we're sunk. Our faces become drained of color, our eyes stare without focusing, we're in our own private hells. Fear and loathing, 1987-style. So many of us think we're going to die; so many of us think we deserve to die.

I do. Here's what my private hell looks like: the face of my mother swims by, whispering, "I know you'll be a good girl." Then my father, a dark ghost, hisses, "Get those boys out of the house! Tramp!" Off in the distance I see my 11-year-old friend Phyllis telling 10-year-old me, "The man pees up the lady's bottom and that's how babies are made." "Erk!" I shriek back, and then I see myself in the arms of a hundred lovers, my legs around thick, masculine necks, thrusting and sweating. And I know I will die for my sins.

I know a man who is sleeping with four women, and he can't get it up with any of them.

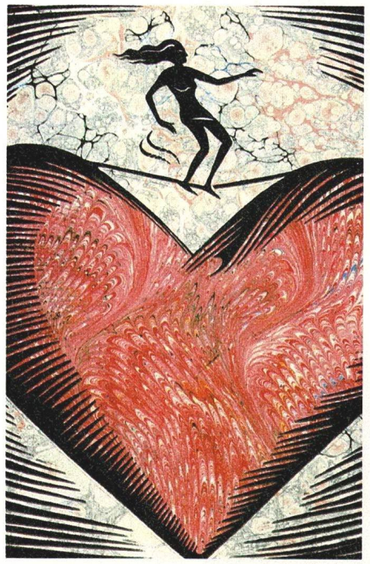
"Could it be fear of AIDS?" I asked, and he stopped speaking to me.

I know a woman who wakes up several times a week frozen with another AIDS nightmare.

I know a 63-year-old suburban woman who once saw her lover with a male friend and became convinced she was infected. I know two people who have had the test, even though doctors counsel against it for those who aren't high risk (if you're not a junkie or gay and promiscuous or had a suspect blood transfusion) since the results are often misleading and inconclusive anyway.

These two women are obnoxious. I used to like them. Now I want to punch them in the face for being so self-satisfied.

"We must not succumb to hysteria," they caution calmly, smugly. Their tests were negative, so they're suddenly experts in dread.



"Don't talk to me about hysteria, you were wetting your pants until you got the test results!" I yelled at one of them.

The reality of the times is truly horrible. There is plenty of reason to be depressed and fearful. Friends, loved ones, are dying. But something else is happening. Reality is merging into our fantasies, preying on sexual guilts and sexual fears that have been long dormant.

Last summer, my friend Seth died. This was a big blow. Seth was possibly the funniest man on earth and I loved him. He never told anyone he had AIDS. I would sit with him in the hospital, watching him just stare with an expression that frightened me — there was no hope or light in his face at all.

After Seth died, I had a screaming battle with my best friend, both of us not knowing what to do with the rage and guilt that came with his death — and then I fell into a severe depression. I was sure I was dying, I was sure I had AIDS. I was on holiday in the country, driving down pretty lanes, certain of my impending doom.

Only after several weeks did I realise my own guilt was causing my fear. I should have been there more for Seth. I was punishing myself. I spoke to several other people whose friends had died, and they reported the same weirdness.

As I write this, the media are hysterical. Turn on the TV news, read newspapers and magazines and you'll be convinced that the human race is finished, that it's only a matter of moments until the heterosexual epidemic hits with a vengeance. Statistics do not bear this out. When last read, the number of cases was dropping. But that doesn't matter. AIDS is so scary, it makes such a strong news story, the mass consciousness of the country is AIDS-crazed.

This is not a plea to throw out your condoms and begin fucking everyone in sight. We have to be careful, we don't want to die. But if massive, irrational fears overtake you, look inwards. Think about the horrible stigma of a disease that is associated with promiscuity and deviant sexual practices. Think about your own past, your own sexual evolution. Sexual repression and guilt are still with us. Even after the alleged sexual revolution, we all have nameless fantasies about what weird perverts we really are.

We can easily forget that sex is the life force, something that motivates us profoundly, God's biological trick to keep the race flourishing and not simply a filthy, sneaky practice. Just because we've fucked our brains out occasionally, and haven't stuck all that closely to the Judaeo-Christian ethic, just because we have been known to fornicate and commit adultery, does not mean we deserve to die.

We might deserve to have our wrists slapped, or our reputations ruined, but we don't deserve a virus that shrivels our immune systems.

Sex is good. AIDS is bad. In place of hysteria, we need compassion and dignity. We need to work incessantly to help find a cure, a vaccine. We must stop blaming the victims of AIDS and instead mourn their tragedy. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

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ALL AIRLINE STEWARDESSES ARE FRIENDLY AND EFFICIENT: THAT'S THEIR JOB.

ALL STEWARDS ARE MATEY AND EFFICIENT: THAT'S THEIRS.

ALL PILOTS ARE TRAINED & TESTED, BEYOND REASONABLE EXPECTATION.

SO ARE ALL MECHANICS.

BUT WE STILL BELIEVE WE HAVE AN EDGE.

Continental. The folks who fly the planes own the airline.

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MEN

Hey, guys! Beware of Catch 23. Sexism can be just as dangerous when it's practised by women.

You remember Yossarian, the bomber pilot in *Catch-22*? Yossarian knew he had to be crazy to fly bombers through heavy concentrations of flak, and that craziness could get him killed. So he went to the flight surgeon and asked to be grounded by reason of insanity.

But the flight surgeon, who had seen it all before, reminded Yossarian that there was a catch to his logic, Catch-22: by recognising the madness of war, Yossarian proved he was sane so he had to keep flying, just like all the rest.

I think I'll write a novel called *Catch-23*. It will be about a vigorous male who feels as if he's always flying through flak. And he will experience today's classic double bind: he'll be accused of being sexist by feminists who are sexist, and he will be mocked for his maleness by people who are angered by his very nature.

Like Yossarian, he'll look for relief from madness, and like Yossarian, he will be hard-pressed to find it in a world which is crazy.

We men have now had 25 years of sexists calling us sexist. It is an amazing Catch-23. We've been living through a cultural revolution that has been largely unreported from the male side.

At one time or another we've all been called evil and piggish and attacked at our core, and yet most of us have our own private checklist — unshared and unspoken — of sexist assaults against us. If we ever got together and compared notes, we might learn something.

Item: An English professor who admires my fiction suggests I apply for a teaching position at his university. I do so. He calls me.

"This is confidential," he says, "but the feminists on the faculty will not read your work because it's in PLAYBOY. They are boycotting it. You'll never get this job, no matter how good your writing may be, because of that."

Item: A woman with whom I'm friends becomes angry when I won't close to an intimate distance. She is married, hiding our friendship from her husband, trying to make me a substitute for him. I won't co-operate.

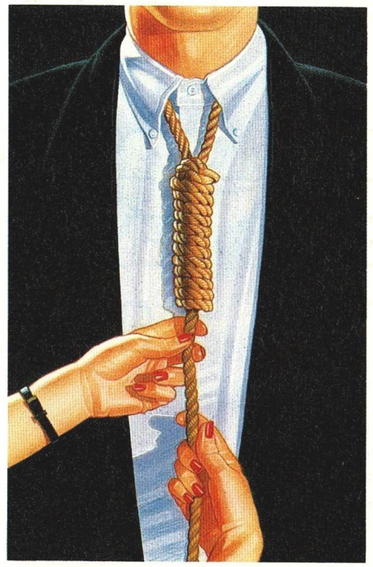
When she sees that my stubbornness is intractable, she writes me a series of letters.

"You're not a player. You're just an observer, a voyeur," she writes. She labels me sexist, scarred, psychologically impotent. She claims virtue for herself. She knows how to love, she says, whereas I am simply incapable.

Item: Two women write an opinion piece in a local newspaper in which they rightly point out no women were indicted in the Wall Street insider trading scandals. They also correctly cite the sexism women experience in the field of mergers and acquisitions: women are kept out of the locker-rooms and men's clubs where much of the market gossip is traded. But then the women go on to claim superiority for their own sex.

Superiority, that is, not equality. Women, they decide, simply are not as corrupt as men. "Perhaps absolute power corrupts absolutely — only if you're male," they write.

Item: I go to see *Outrageous Fortune*, a slick and sometimes funny movie, usually funny at the expense of men. I enjoy Bette Midler and Shelley Long, but I am troubled by Peter Coyote's role. He is every feminist's perfect foil: a man who seems at first to be a nurturer but who turns out to be horrid.



At the end of the movie, as Coyote misses a jump that Long makes and is falling to his death, she yells out to him, "Nine years of ballet, asshole." I do not laugh, although most of the women I know think that is a hilarious moment. "I never laughed so hard in my life," one of them says.

Later, under a caption titled "Sockingly Realistic", a gossip column reports with bemusement: "If you think it looks pretty realistic when Bette Midler socks Peter Coyote in *Outrageous Fortune*, it was. She connected so soundly that she actually broke his eye socket." I wonder to myself how it would be reported if Coyote broke Midler's eye socket. I suspect I would find a covey of feminists in high dudgeon about it.

I'm going to make a quantum jump now. I'm going to suggest that this process is more damaging than you might think. We've had a quarter-century of male-bashing, of feminists claiming virtue for themselves while they call men sexists and ignore their own sexism. It's a form of induced schizophrenia, and it is a killing tactic, no matter how it's justified.

The Centres for Disease Control recently issued a report on suicide among young people. By 1980, five young males committed suicide for every young female. The suicide rate for young males increased 50 percent between 1970-1980 compared to two percent for females. "Further research is needed," the Centres reported, "to explain the marked increase in suicide among young males, to characterise their deaths more precisely and to develop and evaluate effective ways to prevent these deaths."

The reasons for suicide may always remain deep and mysterious, but surely the cultural dynamic of the past few years has to be considered as one of the causes. The signals in this culture have been mostly anti-male. Young men react to that, sometimes self-destructively, and the results may be fatal.

As I watched *Outrageous Fortune*, I also observed a mother and her two young sons in front of me. The mother thought the movie was a total laugh riot. The boys were confused.

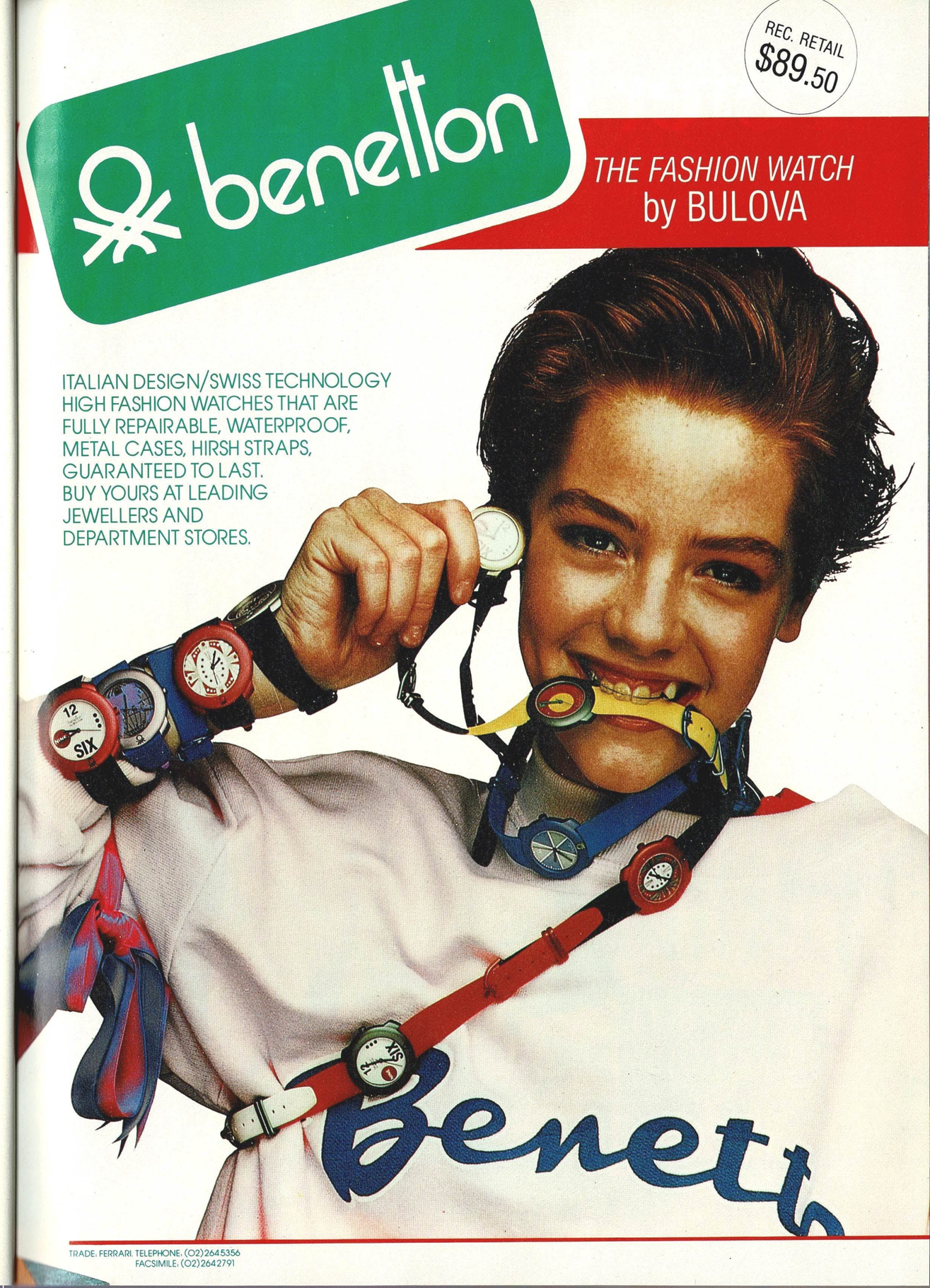
At the beginning they liked Peter Coyote (he comes on as a primary-school teacher, loving and likeable at first, the perfect father). After he is exposed as a murderer and rogue, they didn't see one strong and decent male presence on the screen. I thought about the number of boys being raised with the idea that being male is a nasty condition, shameful and oppressing, limited and dull.

Is this what we've come to? Welcome to the world of Catch-23, I thought, a place where sexists trap you into believing only you are sexist, that only you are to blame for all the troubles of the world.

Yossarian survived his war and it's up to us to survive ours. That's the male job: to survive at all costs, to keep on trucking, to never give up, no matter how the cards seem stacked against us.

I suggest, therefore, that one way we'll do a better job of that is to understand the double bind we live under, and to find ways of getting out from under it.

— ASA BABER



Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!

30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.

MOJO-MDA PHJ 409 APB 3605-C

If big-time golfers can act like gentlemen, why do tennis stars have to be such arseholes?

Faced with a long, uphill putt to birdie in order to win the Masters, the Great White Shark tipped back his Akubra and sank to his haunches to check the lie. The huge gallery was silent for those tense moments as the world's best golfer planned his move. Finally Norman stood and prepared to play his shot.

Just as the master eased his putter forward, a small boy coughed at the back of the gallery. Greg Norman broke off mid-stroke, hurled his putter on to the green and faced the crowd.

"You stupid, ignorant bastard!" he screamed, white mane flying above an increasingly red face. "I'm out here slaving my guts out for you, playing the golf you pay to see, and you can't even pay me the courtesy of a little shush when I'm making the shot of the entire tournament! I just don't believe it! You selfish bastard! I hate you!"

The Australian was led back to the club-house in tears, having forfeited the $500,000 tournament.

No, he wasn't. Of course he wasn't, and it should be obvious to anyone who knows the first thing about golf that the above scenario is pure fantasy. It is totally absurd to suggest that a golfer — any golfer — would carry on like that.

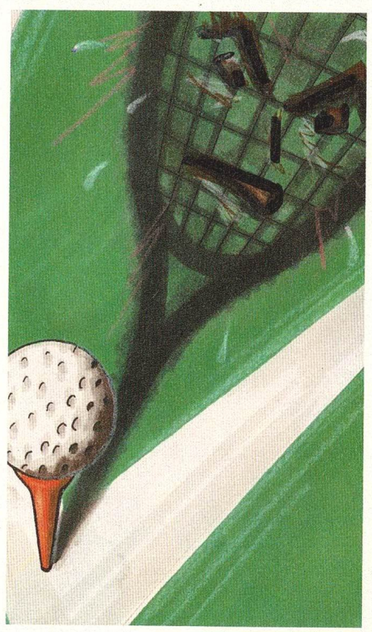
But substitute a packed centre court for the 18th green, Superbrat for the Great White Shark and you've got an entirely plausible sequence of events, notable chiefly for its ordinariness. In top-level tennis today, such scenes are commonplace, resulting in a small outcry from officialdom, a slap with a feather in the form of a fine, and on with the show.

It seems amazing that the two biggest money pro sports in the world today can have developed players whose standards of behavior are so vastly different. Of course, there are tennis players to whom obscene and temperamental outbursts would be anathema, just as there are golfers who are not exactly knights in shining armor back in the club-house. But the fact remains that one sport seems to encourage loutishness and bad sportsmanship while the other remains essentially untainted.

Why? The pressures of big money competition are about the same, the degree of concentration required is similar, and at the highest level the eyes of the world are on players in both sports. You would expect to find a similar number of good guys and ratbags.

Yet tennis officials spend more than half their time policing the antics of their bad-humored stars, while the Royal and Ancient Rules of Golf cover the matter simply and succinctly in a very short section titled "Etiquette". The terminology is significant. In golf, more than most sports, there is great respect for time-honored traditions, and a code of decent behavior is one of them. The rules of golf are very simple, black and white. If you carry on like an arsehole, you are out of the meet.

Furthermore, the rules are quite uncompromising — even since a 1984 revision — about such relatively minor sins as delaying and starting late. Delay once in tournament golf and you've got a two-stroke penalty. Delay twice and you're disqualified. Teeing off even a minute late used to mean automatic disqualification — Seve Ballesteros suffered that fate in the 1980 US Masters — but since 1984 players have been allowed just a two-stroke penalty for up to five minutes of tardiness.



The end result of this strict enforcement of the rules is that the players can concentrate on the game without distractions and the fans get to watch a game unadulterated by bullshit — except perhaps commercial breaks.

Whether this is what the majority of fans want is another matter. The success of television "sports" like rock'n'roll wrestling, in which the actual game exists only as an excuse for the tantrums, should sound warning bells for tennis authorities. Perhaps the day has almost arrived when people will be more interested in observing John McEnroe abuse linesmen and his own equipment than in watching the waning ability of the once-great player.

And yet golf, in which the nice guys triumph and the bad guys shake their hands and put a brave face on it, goes from strength to strength, from megabuck purse to megabuck purse. A few years ago it was my onerous duty to accompany Jan Stephenson to several tournaments on the women's tour, where the gentility of the green and the fairway is not matched behind the scenes. Boy, those girls can get bitchy! To hear them tell it in the club-house, there might well be tracks of blood on the back nine come morning, but I never saw that intense rivalry, that frightening competitive spirit, ever manifest itself in a nasty way on the course.

The same might be said of cricket, which has had its flirtations with outrageous commercialism and the attendant temperamental antics. Who will ever forget Dennis Lillee's fracas with Javed Miandad? Or Greg Chappell's disgraceful twisting of the rules to thwart a New Zealand victory?

But bad behavior has been largely kept in check even as filthy lucre has hardened attitudes. On-field sledging may be a fact of life and the occasional batsman may consider it necessary to signal disputation with the umpire by bashing down his stumps with his bat, but you would have to dig very deep indeed to find a cricketer who believed the time was ripe to tongue-lash the umpires and crowd, throw down his bat and storm off in a huff. — PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

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Even though you may think you are eating the right things to make up a balanced diet, the nutrition quality of what you are eating may be questionable.

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SHOWBIZ

The 10 best movies, the 100 best albums, and the most dangerous quintuplets in the world.

SOMETIMES YOU WIN... Now that we're safely between Oscars, it seems as good a time as any to ask just how well the little golden statuette withstands the test of time. International critics' polls for the past 30 years have consistently named *Citizen Kane* the best film ever made, and now a new poll of US critics conducted nationwide has confirmed that opinion. Yet in 1940 *Citizen Kane* merited only one award — for screenplay. Still, the Academy doesn't always get it wrong, as the rest of the critics' list shows:

2. *Gone With The Wind* (1939): Best film + six other Oscars.
3. *Casablanca* (1943): Best picture, director, screenplay.
4. *It's A Wonderful Life* (1946): Not a thing. The long-forgotten *Best Years Of Our Lives* scooped the pool.
5. *On The Waterfront* (1954): Best picture + six others.
6. *The Searchers* (1956): Not a mention. *Around The World In 80 Days* won!
7. *The Godfather* (1972): Best picture + two.
8. *Birth Of A Nation* (1915): Too early for Oscars!
9. *Wizard Of Oz* (1939): Best music, best song, but *GWTW* won.
10. *City Lights* (1931): A Chaplin silent which was ignored.

Other categories in which critics picked the best make equally interesting reading:
Slapstick comedy: Marx Bros' *Duck Soup* (1933) — No Oscars.
Screwball comedy: *It Happened One Night* (1934) — Best picture + four other Oscars.
Western: *The Searchers* — None. See 6 above.
Musical: *Singin' In The Rain* (1952) —None.
War: *All Quiet On The Western Front* (1929-30) — Best picture, director.
Horror: *Psycho* (1960) — None. All the critics hated it at the time too.
Science Fiction: *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) — Special effects.
Mystery, crime: *The Maltese Falcon* (1941) — None.
Action, adventure: *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* (1981) — Art direction, special effects.

•

BRINGING UP BABY: So just suppose you were an ex-con and you got married to the cop who fingerprinted you when they sent you up the river. And then she got clucky, and then you found she couldn't have a baby. And then there was this rich businessman whose wife took a fertility drug and they had quins and they said, wow, too much! Well, why not just steal one of *their* babies? Only just then two of your mates break out of jail and land on you and think, hey, there's money in this baby. But then there's this other guy on a motor bike who's like a bounty hunter and he says he'll get the baby back and... well, there you have *Raising Arizona*, in a nutshell, one of the craziest movies in a long time. The scene in which **Nicolas** (*Peggy Sue Got Married*) **Cage** as our hero has to decide whether to kidnap Harry, Larry, Garry, Barry or Nathan Arizona Jr and ends up chasing five babies crawling round the nursery is beyond description. From **Joel** and **Ethan Coen**, producers of the cult hit *Blood Simple*, *Raising Arizona* is probably *the* odd-ball comedy of the year.

Raising Arizona: the ex-con and the ex-cop learn they can't have babies of their own.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

Black Widow Theresa Russell weds 'em, then deads 'em. Can Debra Winger stop her? Hitchcock would have been proud. ¥¥¥

84 Charing Cross Road Letters from US booklover to a London bookshop somehow make inspired cinema. ¥¥¥

Dead Of Winter Mary Steenburgen's audition requires her to lose a finger and fight for her life. Erk! ¥¥

Decline Of The Amercian Empire Mostly talk a la Ingmar Bergman, but probably the sexiest movie around. ¥¥¥¥

Hoosiers Every cliche in the book as Gene Hackman takes college basketball team to glory. ¥¥

Lethal Weapon... is Mel Gibson as an LA cop with a death wish in pursuit of drug-running Vietnam vets. Madly exciting! ¥¥¥

My Life As A Dog Swedish comic masterpiece voted best film of Sydney Film Festival about a wildly eccentric village. ¥¥¥¥

Outrageous Fortune Shelley Long and Bette Midler may be sexist but they'll make you laugh your tits off. ¥¥¥¥

Platoon A great war film about the real horror of Vietnam. Oliver Stone shows US defeat, warts and all. ¥¥¥¥

Some Kind Of Wonderful Or *Pretty In Blue*? More teenage angst from John Hughes, but from boy's angle. ¥¥

Tin Men Lots to think about- but Richard Dreyfuss and Danny De Vito's best efforts can't quite lift this one. ¥¥

True Stories Talking Head David Byrne's first try at directing can only be described as quirky. ¥¥

Travelling North Rumpole McKern just right in movie version of David Williamson's stage hit about ageing. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

ROCK AND JAZZ FOR POSTERITY: *The Top 100 Albums* (Pavilion) is the ultimate coffee table book — really great flick-through stuff for music fans. Author **Paul Gambaccini** and a panel of rock'n'roll luminaries (which includes Australia's own **Glenn A. Baker** and **Stuart Coupe**), have compiled their definitive all-time hit parade up to 1987. A list of all the tracks plus some "gee-I-didn't-know-that" trivia to impress your friends with accompanies a facsimile of each album cover. Now's the time to throw out all your daggy old **Kiss**, **Status Quo** and **Sherbet** albums and replace them with

My Life As A Dog: Every dog has its day!

some of these guaranteed classics. Needless to say, **The Beatles** clean up: *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is number one, with *The Beatles* (the "White Album"), *Abbey Road* and *Revolver* also in the Top 20... Incidentally if you want to delve even further back to see what the legendary **Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson** and **Lena Horne** were like in their heyday, watch out for the re-release of *Stormy Weather* (1943), the all-black musical which was designed as a showcase for their talents. It's also memorable for showing what happened to **Dooley Wilson** after *Casablanca* (in which he was Sam, who played it again) and for some incredible dance sequences from the **Nicholas Brothers**.

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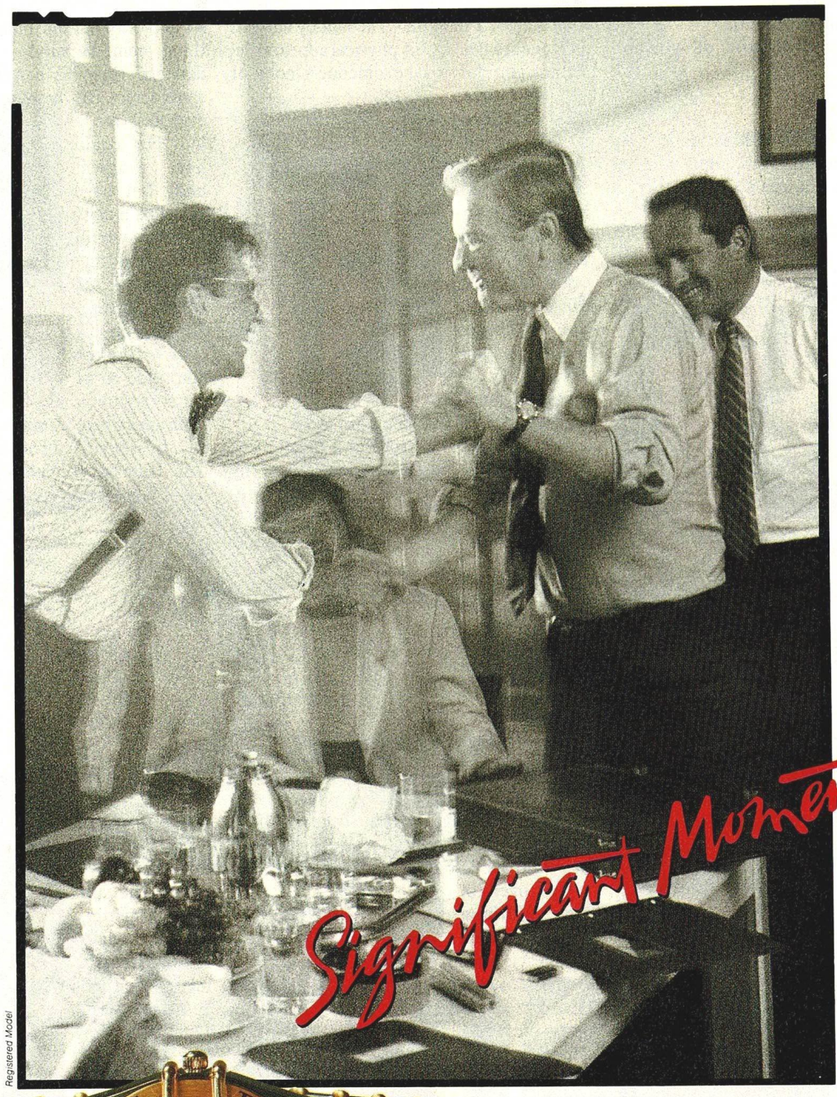

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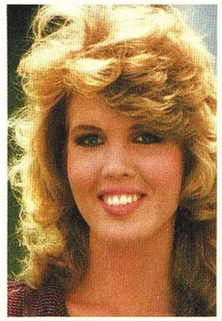
Ω OMEGA

DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
What is the sexiest part of a man's body?

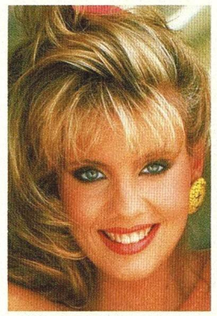
A man's legs. Definitely. A runner's leg — not a real muscular kind of guy who has trouble because his legs stick together. A nice, lean leg, like the flanks of a horse. A well-taken-care-of leg, with nice calves — from hip to heel, as a matter of fact. The way a guy carries himself is also very important and makes him look sexy. If he feels good about his looks, that can be very attractive.



Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON
DECEMBER 1986

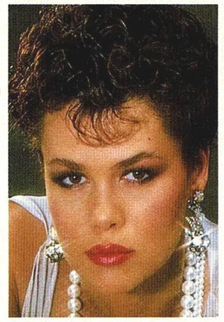
His eyes. I'm more turned on by a man's personality than by his physical appearance. I think you start to take someone's looks for granted after you've known him for a while. But a man's personality can turn you on indefinitely, and I think a man says a lot with his eyes. He can look into you or he can look past you. Basically, I think it would be hard for a man to look right at me, really look at me and not be truthful. I'm not fussy about eye color, just the seriousness of his gaze.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
JANUARY 1987

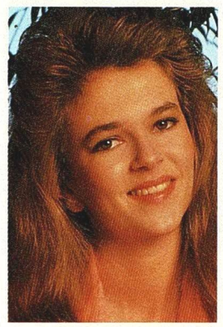
It depends on the man. But a couple of things come to mind — his eyes, then his derriere, then his hands and, finally, his shoulders. His eyes tell me a lot. He could have a great body but have eyes like a cow. So who would care? Not me. You need to see a little promise, maybe, in his eyes. Clothes don't add to or detract anything from a sexy man. A man can look wonderful and dress poorly. I couldn't care less about that. If he has something about him that I like, I'll see it past the clothes.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
JANUARY 1986

A man's body is either sexy as a whole or not. Gorgeous eyes and a sexy smile combined with a well-toned, well-tanned physique — that's a sexy man to me! But to pinpoint the sexiest part is a little more difficult. I guess my answer would have to be his back, bronzed shoulders (not too big!) and beautifully contoured shoulder blades, without an ounce of excess weight in sight. Sort of like a Greek god! When approaching a man from behind I can fairly accurately judge the rest of him by his shirtless back, without him even knowing what I'm up to.



Jakki Govan

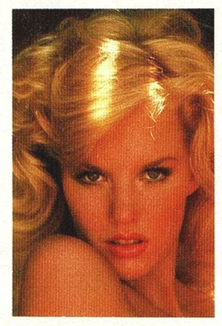
JAKKI GOVAN
FEBRUARY 1986

God! I like it all. I'm sorry, but I like it all. Be serious? Okay, let's see. On the face, it has to be the lips, teeth and eyes. If he has straight, gorgeous white teeth, it's all over for me. Working down the bod, the chest is next. The biceps, the lats, the traps and the abs. Then the bum. I love body hair, too. You know how men's legs get those little gold hairs after they've been out in the sun for a while? The sun turns them a kind of goldfish color. Oh, my God, that kills me. And hands. I love nice, manicured hands.

Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986

Oh, gosh. His chest and his arse. I just love a cute, round arse, especially when I'm making love and hanging on to a little arse. I love to cuddle up next to a chest. The size doesn't matter. Hair or no hair, that doesn't matter, either. Just the chest. I'm comfortable with the way I look and I want him to be comfortable with his looks, too. Then, if he's got that arse I like, we may be right for each other.



Rebekka Armstrong

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
OCTOBER 1986

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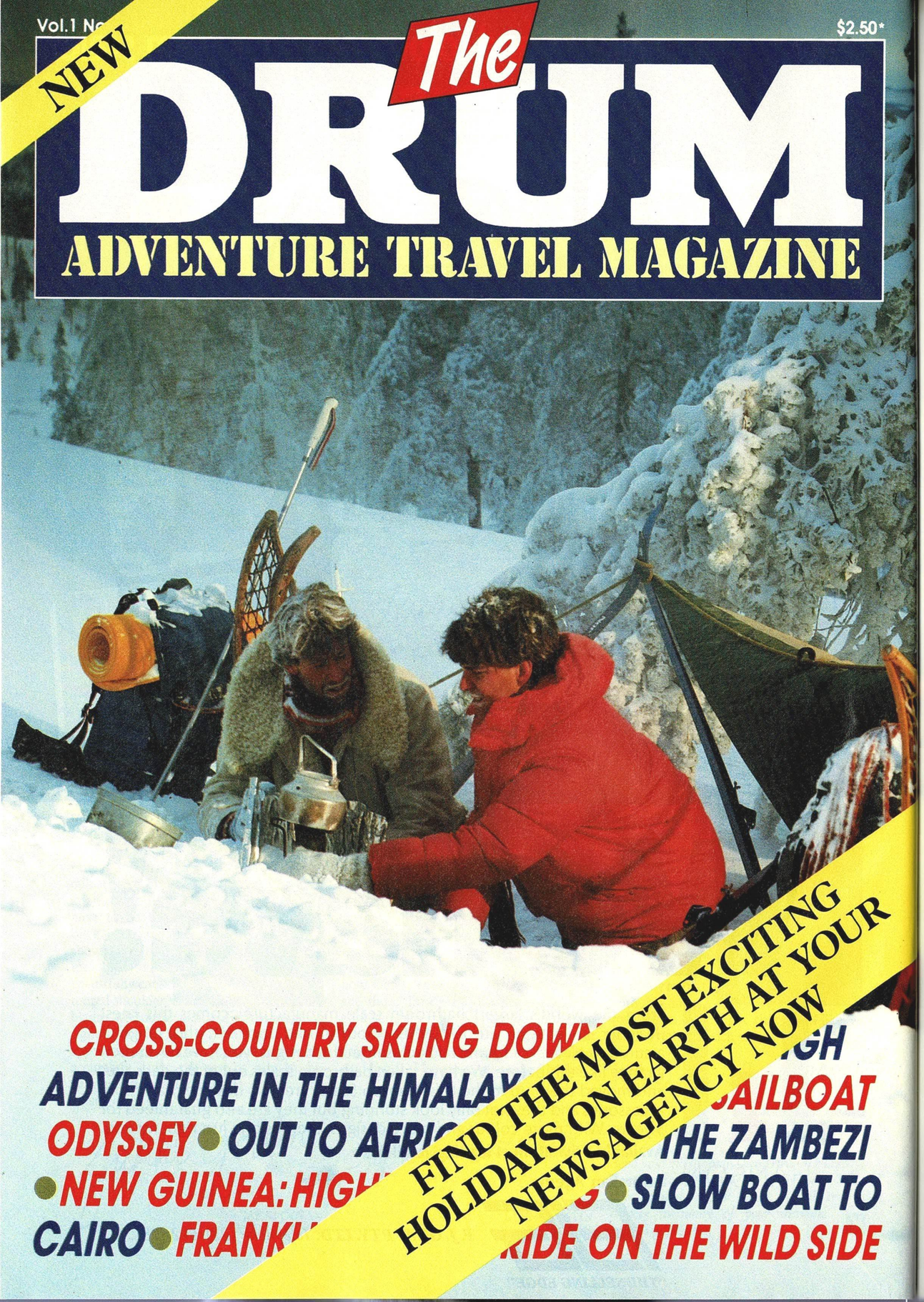


PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NORM GALLAGHER

A candid conversation with the rogue elephant of unionism on politics under Hawke, the rights of Australian workers, and taking on the government.

BLF boss Norm Gallagher and Melbourne go together like the proverbial horse and carriage. Gallagher is as Melbourne as Bert Newton's moon face, Lou Richards's bootlace and, well, the Melbourne Cup.

When you think about it, it's only natural that the rules of opposites will apply. Give a city an institution as exclusive and dominant as the Melbourne Club and a reaction's got to set in at the other end of the scale. From the leafy boulevards of Toorak, to the grubby boot factories of grimy Collingwood: that's Melbourne in a nutshell. It's Toorak and the Melbourne Cup, and it's Collingwood and Norm Gallagher.

Gallagher has impeccable working class credentials. He couldn't have been bred better for his situation: Irish Catholic, raised in Collingwood on bread and dripping, son of Minnie who died early, at 49, and Albert, bricklayer and staunch member of the union (the BLF, of course). Podgy young Norm certainly gave no hints of "heroic stature" in his early youth. He was shy with girls, awkward, stuttering and suffering from "nerves", a quaint old Australian catchphrase meaning the kid's got quite a few problems, none so serious they fall into a readily diagnosed category, but problems enough to cause concern that the child might grow into a no-hoper.

Gallagher's schooling certainly put him in the no-hoper class. He and the nuns failed to see eye-to-eye and, like so many Irish Catholic kids, young Gallagher left school early, resentful of the straight-down-the-line, no-questions-asked-or-answered discipline of a Catholic education.

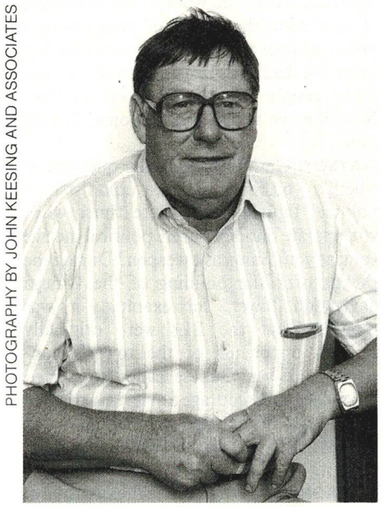
Gallagher enrolled in the university of life and the school of hard knocks. He worked as a truck jockey at the markets, and took up boxing for sport. He fought as an amateur and then twice stepped into the ring as a professional before he realised he wasn't going to cut the mustard in that caper. He stopped fighting in the ring, and took up another fight, the fight of the staunch unionist. The working class vs the rich: in the red corner, avowed Commie Norm Gallagher, ready to king hit any developer who might try to keep his men down.

Unionist Norm Gallagher quickly became one of Melbourne's characters and media commentators and cartoonists were warm toward him. They loved his bark — it was, after all, a form of expression endearing to Melbourne — but attitudes changed when he began displaying his bite. When Melburnians realised this young stirrer was not only serious, but was damn well going to do what he set out to do, some people became nervous. And when Gallagher built the union into a powerful organisation that could, and would, disrupt the everyday workings of the system, he was no longer a "character" — he was a dangerous dill who needed to be put in his place.

Possibly that place was prison, an establishment which Norm began visiting against his will in the early 1970s. The ins and outs of Gallagher's industrial actions and the sentences imposed upon him could and probably will fill a book.

At present his career seems to have bottomed out after he was convicted and jailed for receiving secret commissions. His union is deregistered, and his detractors dismiss him as having lost face. But Gallagher reckons he simply lost a battle, not the war. He steadfastly claims his innocence and no developer would be foolish enough to state that Norm and his "BLs" are finished. Gallagher hasn't thrown the towel in yet.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KEESING AND ASSOCIATES



"Hawke never won a major victory when he was president of the ACTU. He's been an opportunist all his life. He used the ACTU as a stepping stone to federal Parliament."

"Jack Mundey just went too far with the green bans. That was Jack's problem. If we'd allowed Jack Mundey to keep going, we wouldn't have had a member in a job."

"I had to laugh, you know. I can remember Fraser's statement when he visited Loy Yang. He said Gallagher was gone. Not long afterwards he was gone from power."

We sent journalist ***Peter Olszewski*** *to BLF headquarters in Melbourne to find out a little more about this man and what makes him picket. Olszewski reports: "Gallagher was the hardest Australian PLAYBOY interview I've done, and I've done a few. He let it be known he was extremely reluctant to have any dealings with the media, and would make, then break, appointments. Sometimes his failure to meet an appointment was due to yet another industrial upheaval, or yet another contempt of court hearing. Indeed, on one occasion, Gallagher was whizzed off to prison when he should have been discussing his life with Australian PLAYBOY. But finally, early one morning, Gallagher received me in his modest office. He was polite, wary, and gave the briefest possible answers to all questions. But he was interesting, in that his attitudes to discipline and hard work were rigid and old-fashioned. And honest. he even goes to bed about 7.30 each night so he'll be fit for work. Thank God he's a unionist! As an industrialist, he'd be so tough you wouldn't want to work for him."*

PLAYBOY: There was a pop song in the 1960s called *I Fought The Law And The Law Won.* You fought the law. Did the law win?

GALLAGHER: Well, it's not over yet. And there's a lot more water to go under the bridge before it is finished. The attack on me was only round one. This is the world championship fight. There's 14 more rounds to do.

PLAYBOY: It's said that because the BLF is deregistered you're a spent force. But you're still in the union boxing ring because the BLF is still a member of the ACTU and the Trades Hall Council.

GALLAGHER: Yeah. The only thing they've done is deregistered us from the Federal Commission, but other unions have survived that. The PWIU were deregistered for 20 years. And there's no doubt we will survive. I think what you've got to understand is that this is all linked with the emergence of the New Right, and that if they are going to stop unions from pushing the wages question, then they have to knock the BLF off first. That's what it was all about.

PLAYBOY: But even with the recent emergence of the New Right, the most vicious, and possibly effective, attacks upon you have occurred when the Labor Party is in control of the show.

GALLAGHER: Well, really, there is no difference between the extreme right of the ALP and the New Right. Their policies are very similar. They're out to attack people's living standards. The Labor Party and the Hawke government are still doing that. They're hand in glove with big business and they may do it in more subtle ways than the New Right would attempt to do it, but they do it.

PLAYBOY: Andrew Hay would have a fit if he heard you putting the New Right in the same bag as the Labor Party. Did it surprise you that the Labor Party didn't turn out to be a strong reform government when it attained power?

GALLAGHER: No. That's what I expected when the chips were down. I expect them to do the dirty work for big business. You've only got to go back to 1949 to the coalminers' strike, and what the Labor government did to the coal miners. No, I wasn't surprised at all.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather deal with the Liberals or Labor?

GALLAGHER: Well, I must say this — when you have a Liberal government in power you do tend to get a better understanding between the unions. They seem to work closer as a team. One of the problems of having a Labor government. . . well, you only have to look at the ACTU. They put the Labor government first.

PLAYBOY: So when the Liberals are in power the unions are chummier because there's a perceived common enemy?

GALLAGHER: That's right. But when a Labor government is in power it's jobs for the boys. Big plums. And it's always the Labor government which comes first. The unions come a bad last.

PLAYBOY: You've had a long association with Bob Hawke stretching way back to his early ACTU days. Were you ever mates?

GALLAGHER: No, I always had my differences with Hawke, about the way he ran the ACTU, and about his association with Burke's retail store, which was a complete and utter failure. When you really have a look at Bob Hawke and his leadership when he was in the ACTU, he was only there to fix up disputes when both sides wanted something done. He never ever won any major victory when he was president of the ACTU. The only time he entered a dispute was when both sides wanted a compromise. He's been an opportunist all of his life. He had parliamentary ambitions and he used the ACTU as a stepping-stone to federal Parliament.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate Hawke's prime ministership?

GALLAGHER: I would say it's been a real disaster and I've got no doubt if there's an election this year he will go. [*It should be noted this interview was conducted just prior to the announcement of the July 11 election.*] His problem is that he's like the monopolies in that they place the economic burden on the backs of the working class. Hawke's the one who is saying that workers must pull in their belts.

PLAYBOY: If you had the choice of two of your strongest opponents, Malcolm Fraser or Bob Hawke, who would you prefer to operate under?

GALLAGHER: Well, really, is there any difference? Both attack militant unionism. Probably if Fraser was in power, you would get a closer working relationship between the unions.

PLAYBOY: Both Fraser and Hawke went after you, but we always had the feeling Fraser didn't really want to see you in prison?

GALLAGHER: I had to laugh, you know. I can remember Fraser's statement when he visited Loy Yang. He said Gallagher was gone. Not that long afterwards he was gone from power. About 10 months after he said that at Loy Yang, I was on a plane to Sydney and I was sitting in the second row and Fraser was in the first row. I looked up and said to myself: "Look at that poor man. He's out of a job. And Norm Gallagher's still here." When he went after me, I think he wanted an election issue. He used the BLs as something to attack because he thought it would get him votes. It really hasn't won Hawke any votes either, and more and more as time goes on, the Labor Party is losing its traditional voters.

PLAYBOY: Which seems to be a common cry of late.

GALLAGHER: That's right. People have had the Liberals, they've had the Labor party. They're looking for alternatives and, er. . .

PLAYBOY: And are you available to step into that role?

GALLAGHER: No. I'm not interested in becoming a politician. All I'm interested in is to do a job for the members.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you already a politician? That's where you confuse people. Are you a unionist, or are you a political figure who's using the union as an agency to bring about a change of political system?

GALLAGHER: Well, there's no doubt about this — Norm Gallagher wants social change. Norm Gallagher wants a socialist Australia where the workers are in control of, and own, the means of production. I make no bones about that. Parliament as it is today is a sham. It's like the America's Cup. Some people made millions out of that. Now they've taken it back home. It's all over.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the question of whether you're primarily a unionist or a political figure, aren't there times when you operate out of a purely political motive and use your union as a weapon? During the ruckus over the building of the Omega navigation tower, for example, it was reported that the BLs were originally staunch opponents of the tower's construction. When Chinese leaders supported US moves to discourage Soviet imperialism in the wake of the Afghan invasion, didn't you instruct your workers to go ahead and build it?

GALLAGHER: No, that wasn't the situation at all. Our federal council decided they would place a ban on it, rightly or wrongly. Then when the iron workers moved in and started to do the work which we regarded as ours,

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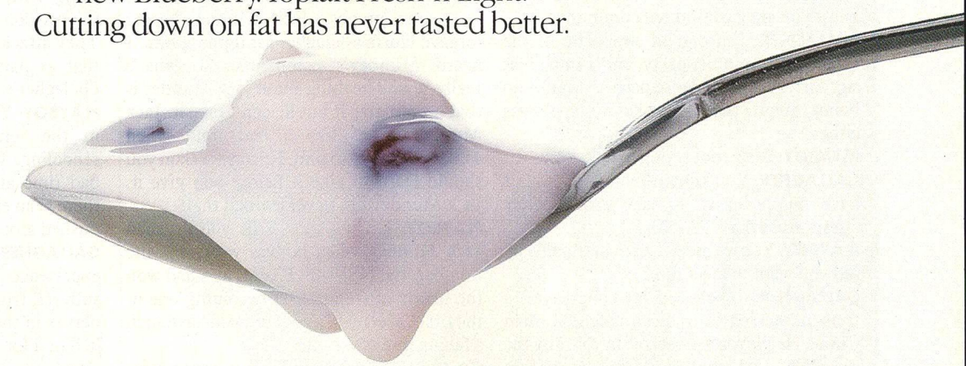

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our federal body decided we'd taken it as far as we could and that we should then go ahead and build it. It was just one of the normal changes of strategy which happens in unions. You make a decision one day and you change it the day after, a week after, or a month after. It had nothing to do with international politics whatsoever. That's the line that the National Civic Council and that have been pushing.

PLAYBOY: You're a Communist Party of Australia Marxist Leninist [CPA-ML]. In other words, aren't you a Maoist? Could you give us a brief account of your party's political philosophy and beliefs?

GALLAGHER: First of all I'm not a Maoist, I'm a communist. As for my political beliefs, they're my beliefs. I don't intend to discuss the role of the CPA-ML. They have public figures who will state what their position is, what it's all about, so leave it up to them.

PLAYBOY: We're asking you because we know you are a committed communist. . .

GALLAGHER: I'm a great supporter of the Chinese communist party, and I'm a great supporter of the Chinese people. I make no bones about that. I make no apologies either.

PLAYBOY: We're not trying to attack you. . .

GALLAGHER: You know I'm not. . . er. . . I have no authority to talk about policy questions of the CPA-ML.

PLAYBOY: You've met Chairman Mao. Why did you want to meet him?

GALLAGHER: I believed he had played a tremendous role in eradicating feudalism in China. He played a great role in winning the revolution, which many Chinese leaders had tried. And I just think he was a great working-class leader. Same as Joe Stalin. I have great admiration for Joe. A lot of people tried to condemn him but, after all, he led the Russian people through the Second World War. He played an enormous part in the defeat of Hitlerism and I respect him for that.

PLAYBOY: Did the campaign to discredit Chairman Mao after his death change your thinking about him?

GALLAGHER: Norm Gallagher has his own views. And no. No doubt he probably made some mistakes. I mean, after all, life is full of mistakes. But his achievements will go down in history.

PLAYBOY: You've been convicted and imprisoned for accepting secret commissions. Were you guilty?

GALLAGHER: No, no, I've always pleaded my innocence. I continue to plead my innocence. I've appealed against those charges.

I'm already under a contempt of court charge over the deregistration, and there's no doubt that if I discuss the matter, there's people in this community who would be only too happy to see charges of contempt against me. So I think you can understand why I don't wish to discuss this matter any further.

PLAYBOY: In convicting you of the secret commission charges, Chief Judge Waldron said you sold out your union members. What did you think of that comment?

GALLAGHER: Nothing could be further from the truth. Norm Gallagher's record stands for everyone to have a look at. The rates of pay for builders' laborers and the work conditions for builders' laborers during the era of Norm Gallagher's leadership are just beyond question. Gallagher lifted builders' laborers up by their shoe-laces, you know. In fact that statement of Waldron's which you've just referred to was just about the only thing that hurt me in the whole court case.

PLAYBOY: When you were convicted, your former sparring partner Jack Mundey bobbed up and said that far from being a thorn in the side of big developers, in fact you were the developers' man in the trade union movement.

GALLAGHER: Jack Mundey's statement is just sour grapes. Jack Mundey never forgave Norm Gallagher for topping him. I heard Mundey's comments. So what's really new? The thing about Jack Mundey is that he can give it but he can't take it. Jack Mundey blues like a bad mug when someone gives it to him. I always reckon you should learn to take it before you give it. Jack Mundey has never learned that.

PLAYBOY: During the 1970s you crushed Jack Mundey when he was your opposite number, the NSW BLF boss, and had won the hearts of trendies by becoming one of the first "greenies". Why did you have such a falling out with him?

GALLAGHER: Jack Mundey just went too far with the green bans. That was Jack's problem. I mean if we'd allowed Jack Mundey to keep going, we wouldn't have had a member in a job. The time came when there had to be a showdown. And Jack was very slow on the draw.

PLAYBOY: So you're more of a pragmatist than Jack Mundey when it comes to weighing up environmental matters and the availability of work for your union?

GALLAGHER: Them conservationists are just like some of the developers. It's all or nothing. There's conservation and there's development. I think there's got to be a middle course. I've always said that. There's some things that's got to be saved and every effort should be made to save them. There are some things that ought to be pulled down. You've got to chart a middle course because in one sense you can't stand in the way of progress; on the other hand you can't give a free hand to developers who just want to go in and knock everything down, make a quick quid, and get out of it. Norm Gallagher's always charted that course.

PLAYBOY: This is a turn-up for the books! Norm Gallagher is not seen as a pragmatic thinker. Ask a cab driver to describe Norm Gallagher and the *last* thing he'd say is that this Gallagher is a practical fella.

GALLAGHER: Yeah, well some people get led by the nose and that includes some cab drivers. But there's a lot of good cab drivers. I just think some people don't go further than having a look at the daily newspapers, and the daily newspapers make up their minds for them.

PLAYBOY: So you reckon you're a victim of attack by press?

GALLAGHER: I've been a victim of press propaganda for years. I suppose if you're a public figure you've got to expect that. But I gave as much as I took. I don't blue like a bad mug. I think if you're in the public eye you've got to expect some of them. . . well, as they say, if it's too hot in the kitchen, get out.

PLAYBOY: Does your famous name sometimes overshadow what you do?

GALLAGHER: I think that's designed by the media and the people who want to get rid of you, personal assassination and that sort of thing. And they had a picnic with some of the cartoons they used to draw about me. They attacked me because of my size, used that as part of attacking me, but Norm Gallagher's still here.

PLAYBOY: You're not a well-educated man in the sense you didn't have a long schooling. We understand you had such a bad time at St Joseph's convent you left there at an early age determined never to be pushed around again.

GALLAGHER: Yes, I had a very bad experience in my early days at school. I suffered from my nerves. I was treated for nerves in the early days. I used to stutter a hell of a lot until I was about 14. It had an effect on my outlook but I was just determined that I wanted to. . . well, my dad was a builder's laborer. He worked very hard and there were very hard conditions in the building industry at that time. You had to buy your own tools, you didn't get public holidays, you didn't get sick leave, you were sent home when it looked like rain. I was determined when I joined this union that I was going to do something about changing it. I have.

PLAYBOY: Were you expelled from school?

GALLAGHER: Well, I think it was a line ball. I went to St Joseph's and I got involved in an argument with my teacher. I got kept in class with other kids who had destroyed the Victory Garden. We had a Victory Garden growing vegetables during the war years, but I wasn't at school the day it was destroyed. On Tuesdays we used to go down and play football at the Ramsay Naylor football oval at Clifton Hill, down on the Merri Creek. But the Tuesday I didn't go to school because I was crook was also the day they didn't have any football. The kids were left out in the schoolyard and they started playing games around the Victory Garden. Then kids started pulling up the plants and as a result of that everyone in my class was made to stay after school, including me. I objected to this because I wasn't involved in the incident. My mum had an argument with the nun, and I got a hiding because I walked out of school at the normal finishing time, and then I got another hiding. In the end, well, one thing led to another and I ended up going to Cromwell Street State School for a few days. Then it got fixed up so that I could go back to St Joseph's. That incident made me determined to stand up for my rights, and I always have since.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that a lot of Australian rebels were raised in Catholic schools.

GALLAGHER: [*Laughs*] That's right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Catholic schools are a breeding ground for radicalism?

GALLAGHER: Oh, I don't know. Probably a lot of coincidence.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the strictness of the schools, the Irish Catholic element. . .

GALLAGHER: There might be a bit in what you say, but I don't know. I just left school and went to work and when I saw what people had to work under, the bad conditions, I just rebelled.

PLAYBOY: There's an old story about the Irish immigrant who arrives at the Melbourne docks at the turn of the century. He's met by his mate Paddy whom he asks: "Patrick, do you have a government here?" Paddy tells him yes. "Well," says the immigrant, "I'm agin it."

GALLAGHER: [*Laughs*] Yes, well. . .

PLAYBOY: Does that typify you?

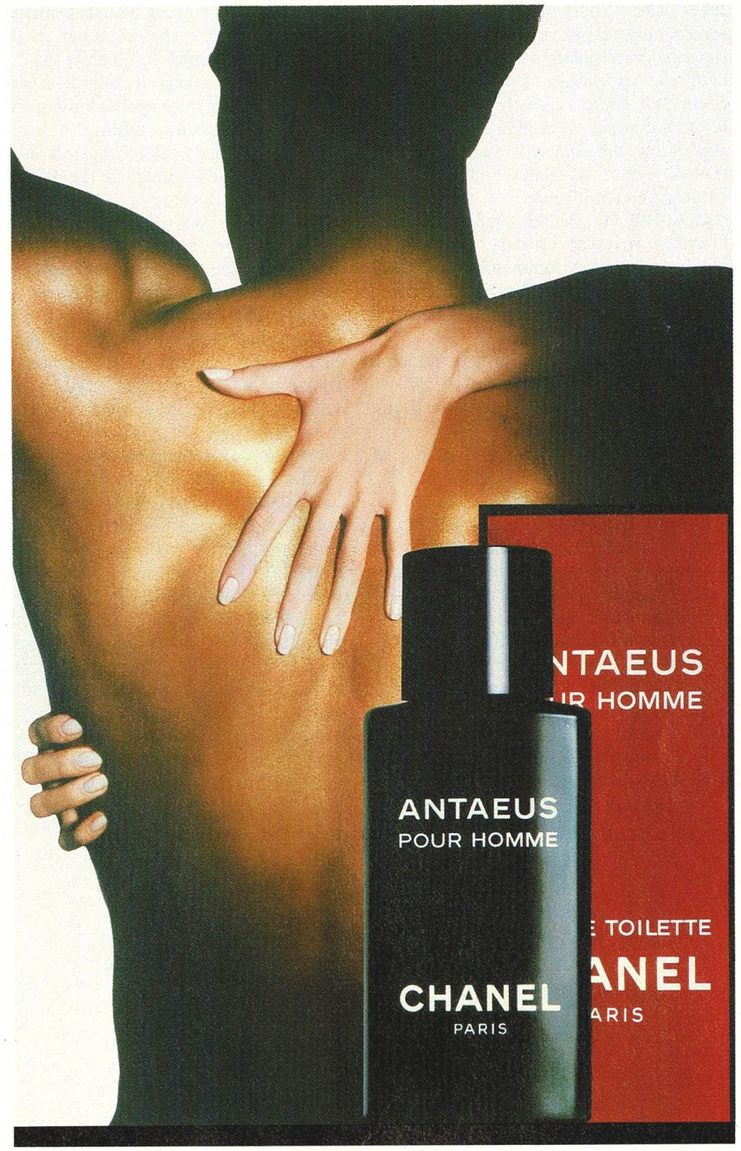
GALLAGHER: I object to bureaucracy. I object to people having to work under bad working conditions. I object to a bad social system and I believe we live under one. I just want to change it. I want to make life a lot more pleasant for people.

PLAYBOY: Builders' laborers were the riff-raff of the work-force, but I notice all the workers who have walked through the union building today are all snappily dressed in ranch-hand type gear, and seem to walk with pride.

GALLAGHER: Oh, yes. When I first come into this union, builders' laborers were regarded as second-class citizens. I helped to change all of that. Now they've got reasonable wages, with a minimum wage of around $350, and their working conditions are reasonable. I helped change the attitude applied to builders' laborers.

PLAYBOY: One of the strongest criticisms about you from fellow travellers in your own political circles is that you're not an intellectual and, if you were in control, you wouldn't know what to do.

GALLAGHER: Well, Norm Gallagher is a very practical person. Norm Gallagher doesn't believe in being an armchair philosopher. Norm Gallagher likes to be involved way down in the work-place, the grass roots. The Communist Party of Australia was full of armchair philosophers. Have a look at them today. They don't know where they are. Their membership hasn't increased. It's gone down and down and down. You have a look at their newspaper,



the *Tribune*. You wouldn't think it was a serious political paper. [*Gallagher holds up a copy which resembles a student newspaper with what appears to be a poorly rendered Botticelli's Venus on the cover and lots of banners about feminism.*] Go on, have a look at it. It looks like PLAYBOY magazine.

PLAYBOY: Except, perhaps, for the excessive emphasis on feminism!

GALLAGHER: Oh, yeah. Probably so. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: So is that newspaper symptomatic of trendyism in the Communist movement?

GALLAGHER: Oh yeah. The trendies are well entrenched in the Communist Party of Australia now.

PLAYBOY: Didn't trendyism help Whitlam and the Labor movement in the 1970s?

GALLAGHER: Yes, it was part of those times, but it never really lasted.

PLAYBOY: The food co-ops went out of business, but you didn't?

GALLAGHER: That's right.

PLAYBOY: But you do get caught up in trendy issues. In October 1984, for example, it was reported that you black-banned a Sydney TV reporter because his female assistant carried weighty sound equipment which, incidentally, was her job.

GALLAGHER: I can't recall the incident. But I must say this, whether it was a woman or a bloke, if I saw someone staggering, I'd offer help. One of the problems with today's world is that there's not enough caring for one another. We just don't seem to have that caring attitude. It's I'm all right Jack, bugger you. I've never had that attitude. But we don't care enough about what is happening to people. Just look at the drug scene — I think that is an example. There's not enough being done by the community to help with that serious problem.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to women's issues, does the idea of women in the BLF sit comfortably with you?

GALLAGHER: Oh yes, there are women in the organisation, especially on the cleaning side, but my only concern about women in this industry would be whether we got proper toilet facilities. You know, it's a rough industry. I'm not saying that if there's a real effort made by everyone that women wouldn't fit very well in this industry.There's a lot of work they could do.

PLAYBOY: Would you personally like to see women do the really heavy work?

GALLAGHER: Not the real heavy stuff I wouldn't. But there's a lot of work they could do.

PLAYBOY: Do women have power in the upper echelons of the BLF?

GALLAGHER: Well, we've got no women who are officials of the union, but there's nothing stopping them from being members of the union. They have the same rights as men.

PLAYBOY: You're often surrounded by your union comrades in public and it's no secret you like a drink in the pub, yet you describe yourself as a loner and a recluse. Why?

GALLAGHER: I've always tended to be a bit of a loner, to do things on my own, even when I was a kid. I really like a quiet life, you know. I get a lot of kick out of working. I get a kick out of doing things with my hands. It's just my lifestyle.

PLAYBOY: Are you a lonely man?

GALLAGHER: No, I wouldn't say I was a lonely man. It's just that I do like to get away on my own and think. Sometimes I like people around me, and sometimes I don't.

PLAYBOY: You've hinted that your job may have broken up your marriage.

GALLAGHER: Yes, it was part of it. But I think basically we drifted apart.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it was something to do with your personal habits. Like going to bed at 7pm. Do you still stick to that regime?

GALLAGHER: Yep. I had an exceptionally late night last night. I never went to bed till 20 past 10. Normally I like to be in bed no later than 7.30 every night. I like to be up at 5, even on my holidays over Christmas. Probably the latest I got up was 5.30 one morning. I'm an early riser. The old man used to say that an hour in bed before midnight is better than two hours after.

PLAYBOY: But a lot of other political people are late nighters. . .

GALLAGHER: I like to do my deals early in the morning.

PLAYBOY: When people are sharpest?

GALLAGHER: That's right.

PLAYBOY: You once said: "Anyone who accepts some responsibility creates a barrier not only in this show but in life." What did you mean?

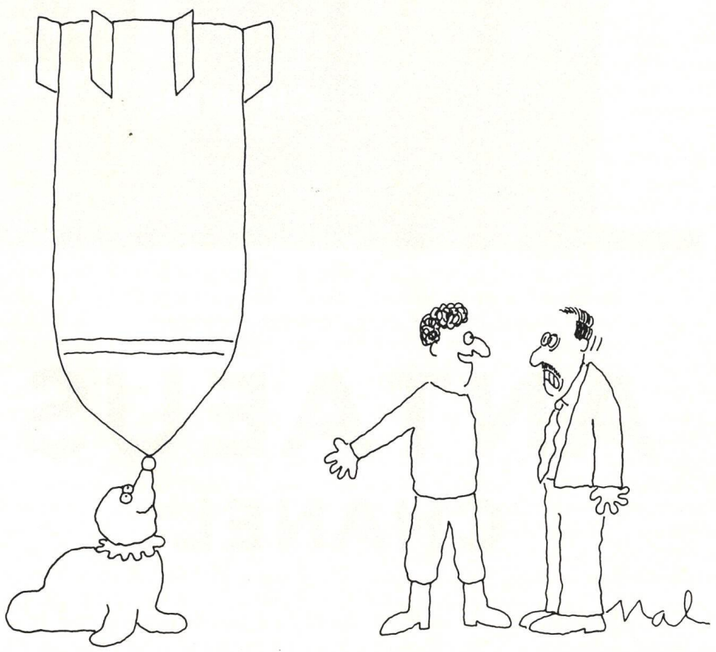
GALLAGHER: It's quite simple. I believe that once you accept responsibility you automatically put up a barrier between you and people under you. I've had to discipline people in this union, officials. And then they say: "But Norm, you're a mate of mine." My reply is: "If I was a mate of yours you wouldn't bloody do it to me, y'know." You do get people in organisations, and normal work places, who think that they can accept responsibility and still be a mate of the boys. In my view that does not occur. And it creates enormous problems because if they do that then they're not normally doing their job because they want to close their eyes to things. They don't want to go disciplining anyone because they're one of the boys. Once you accept authority, then my view is that you do put up a barrier between yourself and other people.

PLAYBOY: So do you think such a situation could be the beginning of, or lead to, a class barrier?

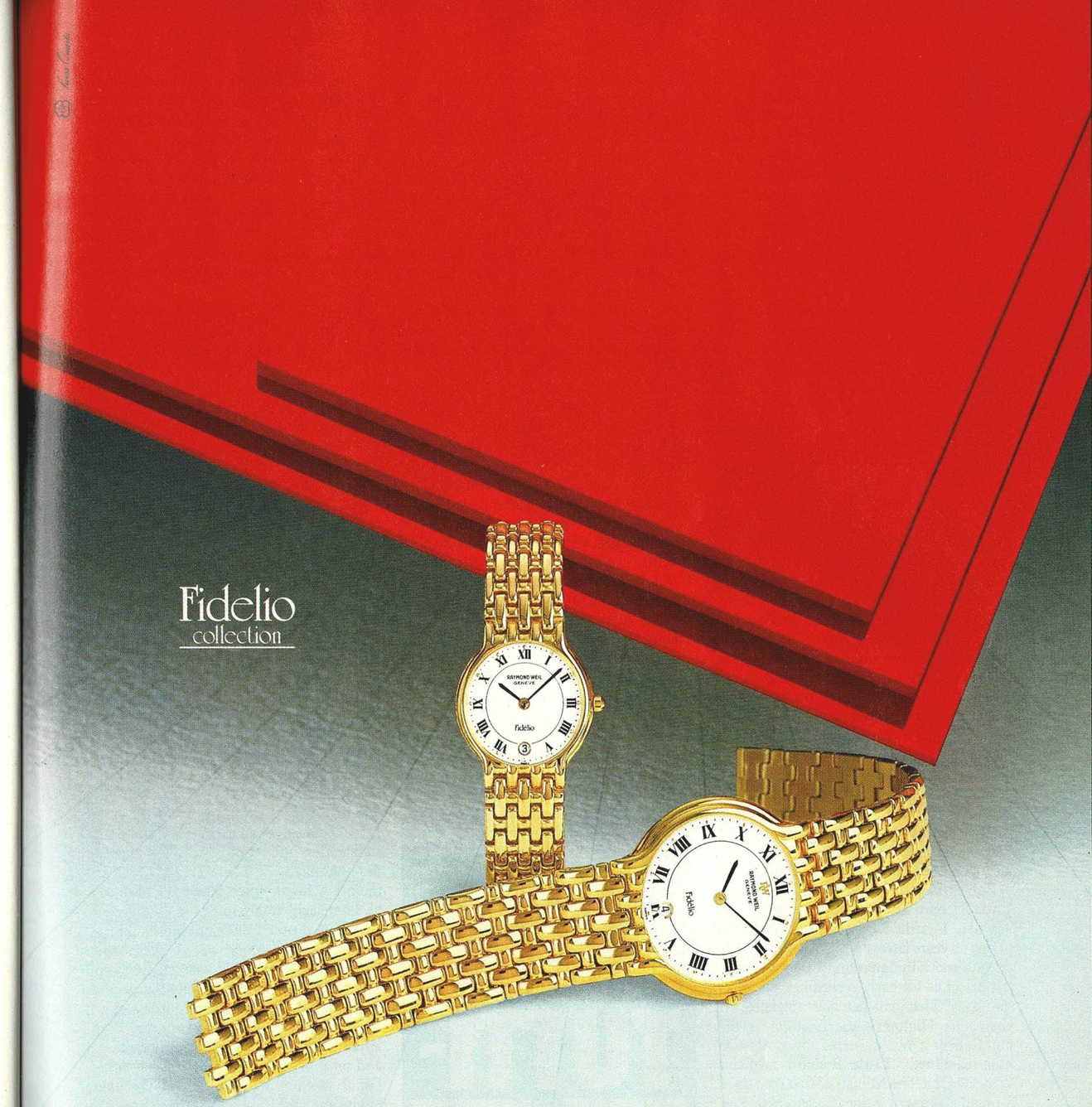
GALLAGHER: I don't know about a class barrier. If you don't accept the barrier attitude, then my view is there's a breakdown of discipline in the organisation, and in the work places, and I'm a great disciplinarian, you know.

PLAYBOY: Are you a tough boss?

(continued on page 116)



"The act is much more exciting since we started using the bomb!"



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Underground film-maker John Waters has a nerve-racking encounter with rock'n'roll legend Little Richard.

A LITTLE TUTTI-FRUTTI GOES A LONG WAY

IN 1957, Little Richard scared the pants off my grandmother. I was 11 years old, on the way to her house for dinner with my parents, and had just shop-lifted for the first time. Right in the five-and-dime, and mum and dad didn't even notice. Easy pickings; the 45rpm of *Lucille* on the Specialty label. My favorite record. I felt happily defiant in the back-seat of the car with the sharp edge of the single jabbing my stomach beneath the sweater.

Once inside Granny's, I made a bee-line for her out-of-date hi-fi and let it roll. "L-U-C-I-L-L-E! YOU DON'T DO YOUR DADDY'S WILL " came blaring through the house like a pack of rabid dogs. It was as if a Martian had landed. My grandmother stopped in her tracks; face ashen, beyond comprehension. The antiques rattled. My parents looked stunned. In one magical moment, every fear of my white middle-class family was laid bare. An uninvited, screaming, flamboyant black man was in the living-room. Even Dr Spock hadn't warned them about this.

Ever since, I've always wished I could somehow climb into Little Richard's body, hook up his heart and vocal cords to my own and switch identities. Admiring his processed pompadour on my own head in the mirror, feeling his blood pulsating in my veins as I looked down at his twitching, pencil-thin moustache over my lip, I'd stomp through the world screaming, "A Wop Bop A Loo Bop! A Lop Bam Boom!" and finally feel happy. Strangers would jump back and shriek, "Good Lord, it's the Bronze Liberace — show-business personified," while others genuflected to the "Inventor of Rock'n'Roll" and for once, just once, there'd be a real reason to live.

But a 54-year-old Richard Penniman, Little Richard himself, would have none of it when I gushed compliments over the phone 30 years later. "No, no, no, John," he cried in mock indignation, still sounding as hysterical as his early recordings, over my flattery. "That will get you nowhere!" I knew His Highness was frothing at the mouth over a *Jet Magazine* cover story on him headlined "Little Richard Explains Why He Quit The Ministry" that contained no such statement in the inside article. Yes, he'd recently made another Hollywood comeback in the hit film, *Down And Out In Beverly Hills*, recorded his first all-new-material album in 10 years, *Lifetime Friend*, with a video to match, made guest appearances on *Johnny Carson*, *Joan Rivers* and *Hollywood Squares*, been honored at the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame, and was planning yet another world tour, but he HAD DEFINITELY *NOT* LEFT GOD!

"Why would *Jet Magazine* do this?", he wondered, genuinely upset. "Little Richard has never quit the ministry! I believe in God! My music itself *is* the ministry." Complaining about telephone calls from his concerned religious constituency all over the country, I tried to calm him down with the fact that writers usually don't do their own headlines and it was probably an innocent mistake. "Okay, baby," he purred wearily, agreeing to the time of our meeting, "my bodyguards will come down."

Mark, who looks like a younger version of his boss, comes down to the hotel lobby to escort me up to the room. He met Richard in the studio while recording *Good Gosh Almighty*, and has been working for him, both privately and in his back-up band, The CIA, for about a year. We wait outside the door while Richard finishes a phone conversation with one of his sisters. Hotel guests pass in the hall, unaware that a legend lurks on their floor.

Finally the door opens and I feel as if The Supreme One Of Color has appeared before me. Looking trim and healthy (he's recently taken up body building), and a little frantic, he ushers us in, dressed in red open shirt, brocade pleated trousers and red ankle boots. He doesn't look his age ("Lord, when the times comes I'm gonna have a facelift, bonelift, eyelift; everything that is falling WILL be lifted and the things that can't be lifted WILL be MOVED!"). His hair, once done to extreme by "Willie Brown in Atlanta, Georgia — my beautician at the time", is more conservative now and he does it himself. The pencil-thin moustache has mysteriously widened with the years.

One wishes Little Richard was still crowned and bejewelled as sweating flunkies carried him about on an ornate throne, but unfortunately there is only a couch to sit on in this very generic, modern hotel room. File cabinets are in one corner and family snapshots have been tucked into the frames of the "art" on the walls, but otherwise there are few personal touches. I take my rightful place on the floor at his feet and turn on the tape recorder, resisting the urge to kiss his boots as the fans once did in Germany. I don't even chain-smoke, knowing he'd probably object: a supreme sacrifice. Mark sits in front of the TV, watching with the volume turned off for the rest of the evening.

When Richard was beginning his career, his father was murdered. "I was appearing at the VFW club and I came home. . . It was pouring down rain and these houses had tin tops and you could hear the rain. This guy had killed my daddy and I saw his coat lying on the porch. A raincoat with all this blood on it. It was just. . . *something*. I walked in the door, seein' my mother. I looked at this beautiful woman and she said 'bru?' My mother called me 'bru' and I called her 'mu'. She said 'bru?' and I said 'What is it, mu?' She said you don't have no more dad and I just cried 'Lord! Lord!' Everything inside me just broke. Cause my mother, that's my heart. When my mother cried, boy THAT SHAKES MY MIND! I can do some drastic things behind 'mu'! I ain't scared of lions, tigers, snakes, puppy-dog tails or CHICKENS! It was *so* hard then. But you still had a peace, a serenity; that joy, that hope, that determination, that perseverance that SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW I *WILL* MAKE IT!"

Resisting the urge to leap up and scream a honky hallelujah, I just sat there listening, a one-man congregation in The Church Of Little Richard. I half expected Mark to pass a collection plate, but he was still glued to the TV, maybe he'd heard it all before. On the other hand, when Richard's on a roll, he's not easily interrupted.

"Black people lived right by the railroad tracks and the train would shake their houses at night. I would hear it as a boy and think, 'I'm gonna make a song that sounds like that.' In the studio we got low-down and they said, 'We ain't never heard anything like this.' I would sing and scream and make those high notes and low notes. Oh, I was a wild child! I had the piano talkin' and walkin'! I sent a tape to Specialty Records and they didn't get back in touch with me. I was in this hotel and I had a Chrysler my mother had mortgaged her home to get me. I went into the studio and they had me singing like Ray Charles, B.B. King. They wanted me to sing the blues and that was not me. I got on the piano and started singing 'WOOOOO!'. They said, 'Oh boy, where did you get that voice?' 'A WOP BOP A LOO BOP! A LOP BAM BOOM!' and they said, 'That's a hit!' and the rest is history.

"It feels good you're a living legend and not a dead one. People expect so much from you, you got to live so much down. The burden of all this falls on you. It's hard

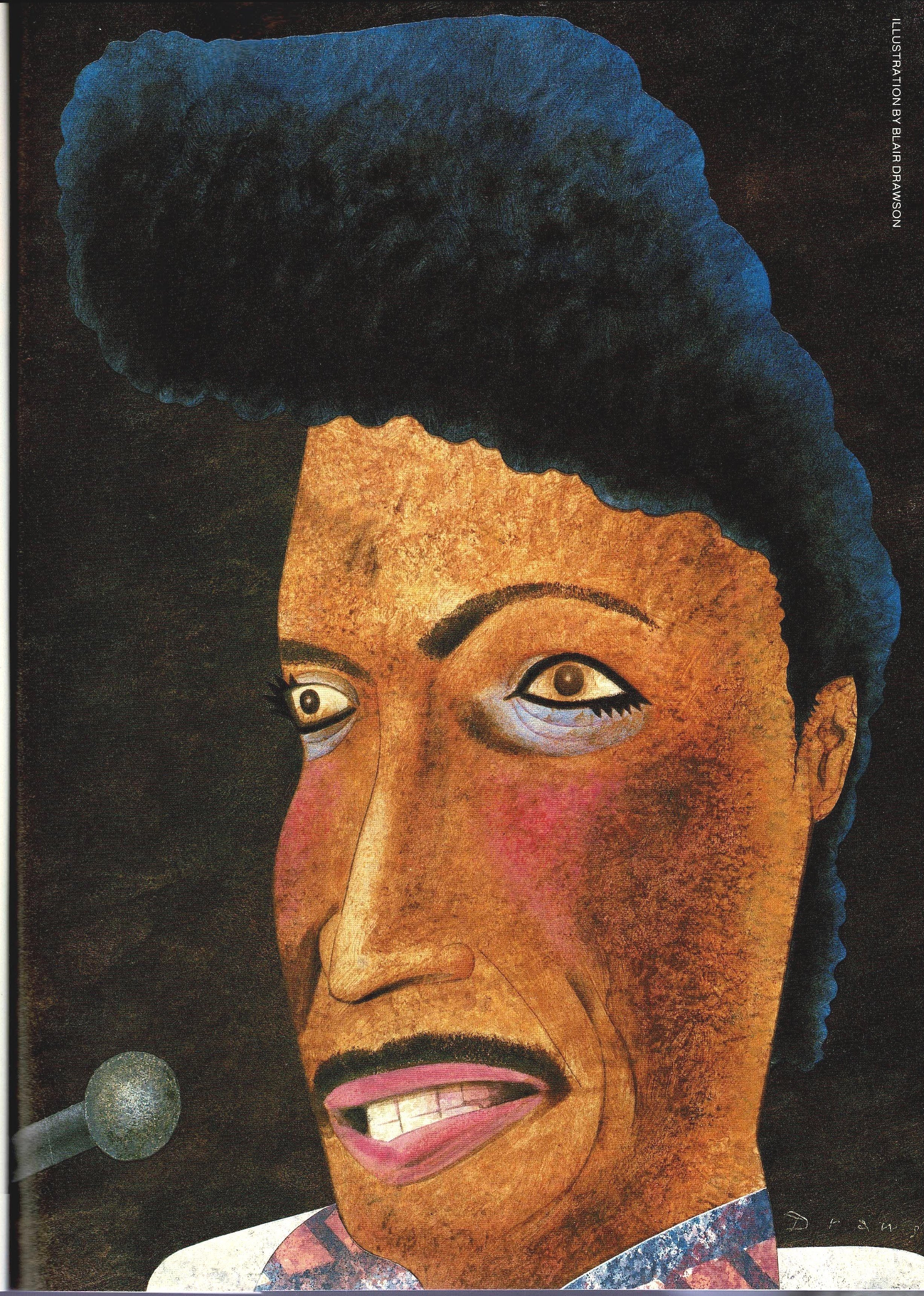


ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

to have a friend when your name's a household word."

The fame came all right, like burning lava, and today Little Richard seems a happy prisoner of it, resting in his mantle, fretting and planning, unable to go out.

He's quite well aware of his place in history, thank you. When I quizzed him on the best review he ever received, his voice shot up like a tape recorder on fast forward. "'There's only one originator, there's only one architect, Little Richard.' I love that. I saw that in so many write-ups. And when the people said my music inspired them: The Beatles, when James Brown was my vocalist, when Jimi Hendrix was my guitarist, when Joe Tex was singing with me, Otis Redding, when Billy Preston was my organist at age 13 — it makes me feel good!

"Black entertainers today are getting more attention than I've ever seen. I've never seen a black person make the kind of money Michael Jackson is making. [*'Hey, Michael, put me in your commercials!' he hollers on Joan Rivers' show the next night.*] Lionel Richie is too. Diana Ross. Tina Turner. I'm glad for Tina, I love her. I wouldn't want to call their names, but there's some new entertainers who make you feel like nobody — you go into their dressing-room and they treat you like dirt. I could teach them a few things! They need to come have a few classes."

He also admits to being hurt by the bad press, especially a caricature that once offended his vanity. "They called me big-headed with a little body. I didn't like that. In New York, they had this great big HEEAAAAD in the paper and a little bitty piano and a little body like Humpty Dumpty on a wall."

But he's not complaining. "I believe a star is living a lie if he doesn't want his picture taken. Be a dishwasher. Take my old job at the bus station! It's a joy when people holler. Mark will tell you, I go down to the slums. I go to poor people's houses, they don't even know I'm coming. I buy food and go around and hug them. I get out of the car and hug the winos. This is a joy to me, because I came from the slums; you can't forget!"

As I ponder the mental picture of a welfare family of six eating their last food-stamp dinner as a hyper Little Richard, followed by squealing fans, bursts through the door, uninvited, thrusting bags of groceries at the hungry, I bring up *the* book. *The Life And Times Of Little Richard:* perhaps the best and most shocking celebrity tell-all book ever written. Published in 1984 and written by Charles White with Little Richard's full co-operation, the book is copyrighted in the name of the author, the star, and his long-time, now deceased manager (Robert "Bumps" Blackwell). It's a real lulu. Detailing his early life, travelling with minstrel shows, selling snake oil in Doctor Hudson's Medicine Show, appearing in drag as "Princess Lavonne", it touchingly includes early family anecdotes, such as the time Richard as a child gave his aunt for her birthday a bowel movement, wrapped in a box.

Half-way through the book, you realise you are in the stratosphere of lunacy. The bizarre lifestyle you'd fantasised for Little Richard is small potatoes compared to the truth: his one-time drug addictions and alcoholism, his hilarious threesome with Buddy Holly and his long-time stripper friend Lee Angel ("with a 50-inch bust"), his obsessions with voyeurism ("Richard The Watcher") and masturbation ("six or seven times a day"), all topped off with truly staggering photographs of his many fashion statements. Just when you start thinking Nobel Prize you get to the final chapter, a compilation of Richard's religious testimony that seems to sour the whole volume and turn off the very audience for whom the book was written. He seems to want it both ways.

Richard tries to set the record straight. "I love gay people. I believe I was the founder of gay. I'm the one who started to be so bold, tellin' the world!"

"Some things that are said in the book are not really accurate in certain ways," he falters when I bring up some of his quotes about religion, rock'n'roll and the devil, homosexuality, and his then current views on sex in general. Does he regret telling all? "No, I think it's time for people to be truthful. I got so much publicity, the book is bigger overseas than here. It's a great book, the best book ever written, it's the truth about my life and thinking. I don't know how to put this 'cause I don't want to hurt Doctor Rock [*Charles White*]. Some of the things accredited to me, I didn't say. I never fought it. I appreciate it. . . this man left his business [*to do the book*], he's a foot doctor. Travelled all over the world."

Richard tries to set the record straight. "I love gay people. I believe I was the founder of gay. I'm the one who started to be so bold, tellin' the world! You got to remember my dad put me out of the house because of that. I used to take my mother's curtains and put them on my shoulders. And I used to call myself at the time, 'The Magnificent One'. I was wearing makeup and eyelashes when no man was wearing that. I was very beautiful, I had hair hanging everywhere. If you let anybody know you was gay you was in trouble so when I came out and didn't care what nobody thought, a lot of people were scared to be with me."

Politically relieved, I wonder aloud, "Is there a 'good' Little Richard and a 'bad' Little Richard battling it out spiritually, returning umpteen times from rock for God, only to be lured back by devil fame and worship?"

"No, I don't think like that," he states emphatically, admitting he's "amazed most people don't believe me. My God, I haven't grouped in so long. It's been almost 20 years since I've been out to have a good time. Life has changed for me now, I'm older, that's not my interest anymore, but at the time it was. I was young, never had enough of nothing. When I was first started in the business, I used to look for that in every city so we could have a ball, do it all, in the hall, even on the wall! When I was in Baltimore [*at the Royal Theatre*] the girls would take off their. . . people didn't call them panties then, they called them drawers. . . and throw them on the stage. It was very terrible, but at the time we didn't know better. All the girls would want to come in the room and you'd let them in and they'd never leave! I was shocked! Girl groupies, boy groupies, dog groupies, cat groupies! She would say, 'Give me a pillow,' and I'd say 'My God, ain't she going home?'"

Maybe I'll stay too. As much as I believe Richard's wild days are over, I can't help but think that this one-time lunatic libido can't lie low forever. "Is sex out completely?" I finally ask point-blank. "Well. . . uh. . . uh," he stammers, "at this age you don't have a lot of choice. I'll say this much. We still see a lot of cake in the showcase, but we closed the bakery."

Sex? Drugs? Rock'n'roll? He's not buying any of it. "I'm not into drugs at all. God is the only cure for crack; he can bring you back. You can get over heroin. Once somebody slipped LSD in my food. My chauffeur and bodyguard kept me. I cried. I was afraid like a little boy. I was going *too* fast. I needed to take some breaks and I did. God gave me a break. Do you know what I enjoy now? Tellin' people the right way to go, the pitfalls, how to love people."

And I believe him. But deep down, selfishly, I wish SOMEBODY could tempt him to fall from grace just one more time. Imagine that demon style rearing its ugly head in maturity! Sure, *Great Gosh Almighty* is a catchy tune, but it's so *safe*. I still want him rippin' it up, screeching, scaring all the white folks. Getting hold of myself I resist the urge to whisper conspiratorially, "Come on, Richard, let's put on some false eyelashes, snort poppers and call Lee Angel, your one-time 'sex-magnet', and see what's cookin'!"

Richard looks up at the silent TV news, distracted.

"Excuse me, didn't the Ayatollah get killed today?"

"HE DID??!!!," I ask, alarmed.

(continued on page 106)

"Really? That's exciting! Which one of the Beatles are you?"

MEET ELLEN STOHL

This sunny young lady isn't about to let disability diminish her lust for life.

THE LETTER bounced around the offices of US PLAYBOY for a while. It had opened up an area of debate in which no one stayed neutral. Some editors were impressed by Ellen Stohl's pluck. Just as the movie *Coming Home*, about a disabled veteran, had transformed our views about love and even lust, so did Ellen Stohl force us to reassess our view of the handicapped as "victims". Here, after all, was a woman who refused to let a disabling accident spoil her dream. She embodied true grit.

There was, however, a vocal minority of editors who worried that running Ellen's pictorial would leave the magazine open to charges of questionable taste. Surely readers would misunderstand, would fail to see the celebration of life in these pictures. But finally, those who wanted to give Ellen the opportunity to make her statement prevailed. Meet, therefore, a terrifically spunky young woman: Ellen Stohl. She's a full-time student, a part-time actress and model and an accomplished public speaker; she drives a car, rides a horse and a bike, skis, studies martial arts — and is confined to a wheelchair.

Ellen Stohl at the typewriter on which she wrote the letter below. She shares an apartment with her sister and the sister's fiance.

"When I got to university in 1982, I was just out of high school. At that time I was walking." Ellen is introducing herself to the members of a class in the psychology of human sexuality on her university campus. She and two friends, also wheelchair-bound, have agreed to participate in a panel discussion on the sexuality of the handicapped — or "gimps", as they call themselves with a kind of gallows humor.

"At that time, I was majoring

December 16, 1985

Mr. Hugh Hefner
Playboy Magazine
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hefner:

My name is Ellen Stohl. I am a model/actress who three years ago was injured in a tragic auto accident. At first, I had given up hope of pursuing my career; but after a few months and a lot of learning, I realized that a wheelchair should not make a difference. Since that realization, I have been working twice as hard to achieve my career goals--not only for myself but also to teach society that being disabled does not make a difference.

The reason I chose Playboy for this endeavor is that sexuality is the hardest thing for disabled persons to hold on to. This is not to say that they are not capable but, rather, that society's emphasis on perfection puts a definite damper on self-esteem.

Well, I believe it is time to show society the real story. Anyone can be sexy; it is a matter of how a person feels about himself or herself--and personally, I feel great.

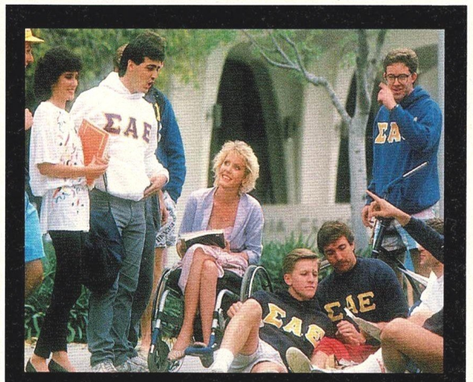
Sincerely,

Ellen Stohl

Ellen Stohl

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN WAYDA

in theatre and doing modelling," Ellen continues. "I became a semi-finalist in the Miss Anaheim pageant and had just signed a contract to do an aerobics videotape for a production company in Los Angeles. Then, in January 1983 I was involved in an auto accident. I broke five vertebrae in my neck and for about a month and a half I was paralysed from the neck down. Then, slowly, I started getting a little bit of feeling back, into my hands and arms and abdomen and lower back. But I never regained the use of my legs." As she speaks, Ellen is cheerfully matter-of-fact, betraying little of the mental anguish and just plain hard-sweating work it has cost her to get from that hospital bed to this classroom stage — and on to the pages of PLAYBOY.



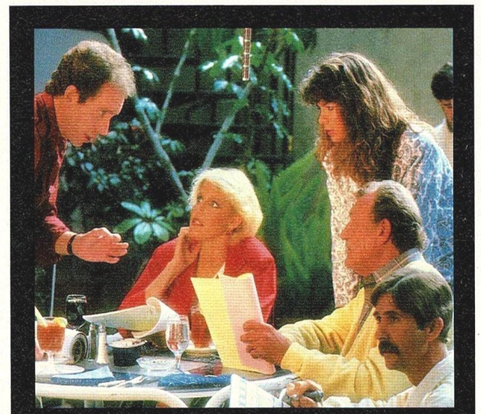
Ellen was elected a little sister of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity before her accident; it's a role she still enjoys. "It's a nice thing to be involved in."

"Well, I've always been a fighter," Ellen tells us. "I was always into sports — the tough, make-it-through-anything type. And when I was in the hospital, I told myself I was going to make it. I was going to walk again. And then I realised I *wasn't* going to walk again, and I went through some really tough times." A lot of those tough times, Ellen was surprised to realise, had to do with her feelings about sex.

"Especially since my accident, I've felt that sexuality is the very essence of who we are," she says. "From the day you're born, the first thing people want to know is, 'Is it a boy or a girl?' People treat you differently according to whether you're a boy or a girl, and from the way they react to you, you begin to build your image, your self-esteem. And if somebody or something takes away your sexuality, you suddenly don't know who you are or where you fit in. I was 18 at the time of my accident, and I was a virgin. I was a late bloomer, just beginning to realise my sexuality, and suddenly it was taken away from me. I was a child again, and people treated me as such. They wouldn't look at me as a woman. In the hospital after the accident, the first thing I asked my mother was, 'Will I live?' and the second was, 'Can I have sex?' And I cried with my mother for a day and a half over the fact that I was still a

virgin and it was all over before I'd even started."

As it turned out, it wasn't all over. "I was really lucky in that two orderlies in the hospital, Mike and Kelly, harassed me relentlessly — tried to pull my sheets off and stuff. They treated me like a woman. Kelly, whom I ended up dating a couple of times, told me that he'd never thought of having an affair with somebody in a wheelchair until he met me. And that opened up doors. I started going out and meeting people, and as I gained more confidence in myself, I started becoming more sexually interested. I had my first sexual relationship a year and a half after the accident. I think I was more quick to get involved in sex than I would have been if I hadn't had the accident, because I was curious. I thought I've never been able to have sex, and now that I was getting the opportunity, I certainly wanted to see what it felt like. So I got involved in that relationship, and it was wonderful. It lasted for about eight months. Since then, I've been involved in other sexual relationships, and they get better each time, as I learn to communicate more."

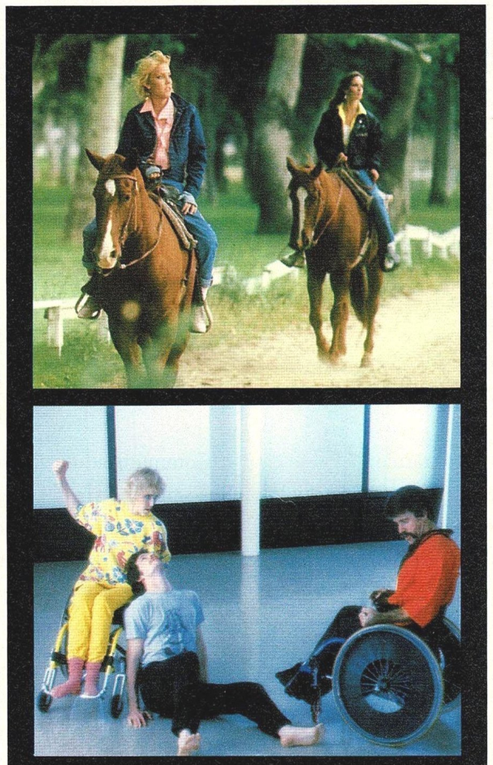


A theatre major before her crash, Ellen is venturing back into showbiz. Above, director Robert Conrad (left) outlines her role in the cable soap *Balboa*.

Communication, in fact, has become Ellen's specialty. She's majoring in it, along with advertising, and she is using her skills to spread her message about the importance of sexuality in the lives of the handicapped. Several times a month she's called upon to speak somewhere. "It all started when I had a social psychology class for which, instead of taking one of the tests, we could do an oral report. This was about the time I posed for PLAYBOY, and I had been thinking about my reasons for doing it. And I thought, here I'm explaining the importance of this to the people from PLAYBOY and I'm not doing anything in my own backyard. To change the world, the backyard's the best place to start. So I did a report for the class. And next the teacher said, 'I teach a class in the psychology of human sexuality. Would you like to speak on a panel?' So I said, 'Sure, that would be great'. And another couple of friends and I got together a panel. Since then I've done all her classes and have been asked to do others. The more that people know, the fewer problems for me. If people are educated, I don't

have to educate them every time I go out — which becomes a pain in the butt. And they'll treat the next handicapped person they meet like a person instead of like a wheelchair."

The questions people toss at Ellen aren't exactly marshmallows. "I've been asked at a club, by someone who'd just met me, 'Can you have sex?' And I feel like saying, 'Yes, I can engage in sexual activity. But what is this, a prerequisite to buying me a drink? If I can't, I don't get the drink — is that what you're saying?' Sometimes, in a classroom setting, it's hard for people to ask questions. I remember one time, a man asked me what my favorite position was. I told him being on top. Because when you can't move your legs, you can still move your upper body, and then you're a more active participant. That really opened up the questioning."



For fun, Ellen rides (top); for self-protection, she studies martial arts (above). Instructor Ron Scanlon, who earned his eighth-degree black belt in kung fu san soo in a wheelchair, shows her how to clobber an assailant downed with an earlier blow.

On this particular night, Ellen and her friends Jan and Jim field the students' questions with practised ease. Jim reveals he's in the process of getting a divorce, partly because his wife feels he's oversexed. Jan describes how her life has seesawed in the past 10 years, from pre-accident virginity through episodes of drugs and promiscuous sex to her present state of commitment to one lover. A questioner asks the trio how their sex lives have been affected by their respective paralysing accidents.

Ellen replies: "When you go through something like this — well, I read every book out there on sex. I learned how to do things a lot of people still don't know how to do, because I was so unsure about what I *could* do. I wanted to make sure I could compete with the able-bodied women out there. You kind of over-educate yourself so that you know all the tricks. You get really good at oral sex. I think that's pretty true of everybody I've talked to. You just become a whiz." Jan and Jim nod in agreement. The audience laughs. Another question: "Do you have sensation in your lower body?" "I have heightened sensitivity in my genital area, and that's great — I admit it," Ellen answers. "But even where I have lessened feeling, on my legs, if I can watch a lover touch me, I can be visually stimulated. Orgasms really happen in the brain, after all. I can tell whether or not a guy is really interested in me by where he touches me. A guy who just wants a physical thing will be all over my upper body, whereas somebody who's really interested in *me* will be touching my feet, asking, 'Can you feel this?'"

The next question directed at Jim is predictable. "Can you get an erection?" "Yes, but it doesn't last as long as I would like it to." Observes Jan: "Does it ever?" To more laughter, the class comes to an end with Jan's parting advice to female students: "Well, girls, Jim's getting divorced pretty soon. He's going to be single now, and you just heard him say, he *can* get it up."

It's going on 10pm now and Ellen manoeuvres herself and her collapsible, yellow-wheeled chair into her '79 Mustang. We're headed for Crackers, her favorite bar, where everybody from bouncer to bartender to lead singer obviously adores Ellen. One brawny fellow swings her out of her chair and on to a bar stool. "It's funny," she tells us. "If I sit in my wheelchair, a lot of guys don't want to approach me, because they don't know how. But if I'm on a bar stool, I'll be ripped off it and asked to dance. And I'm not doing anything different: I'm just sitting in a different chair."

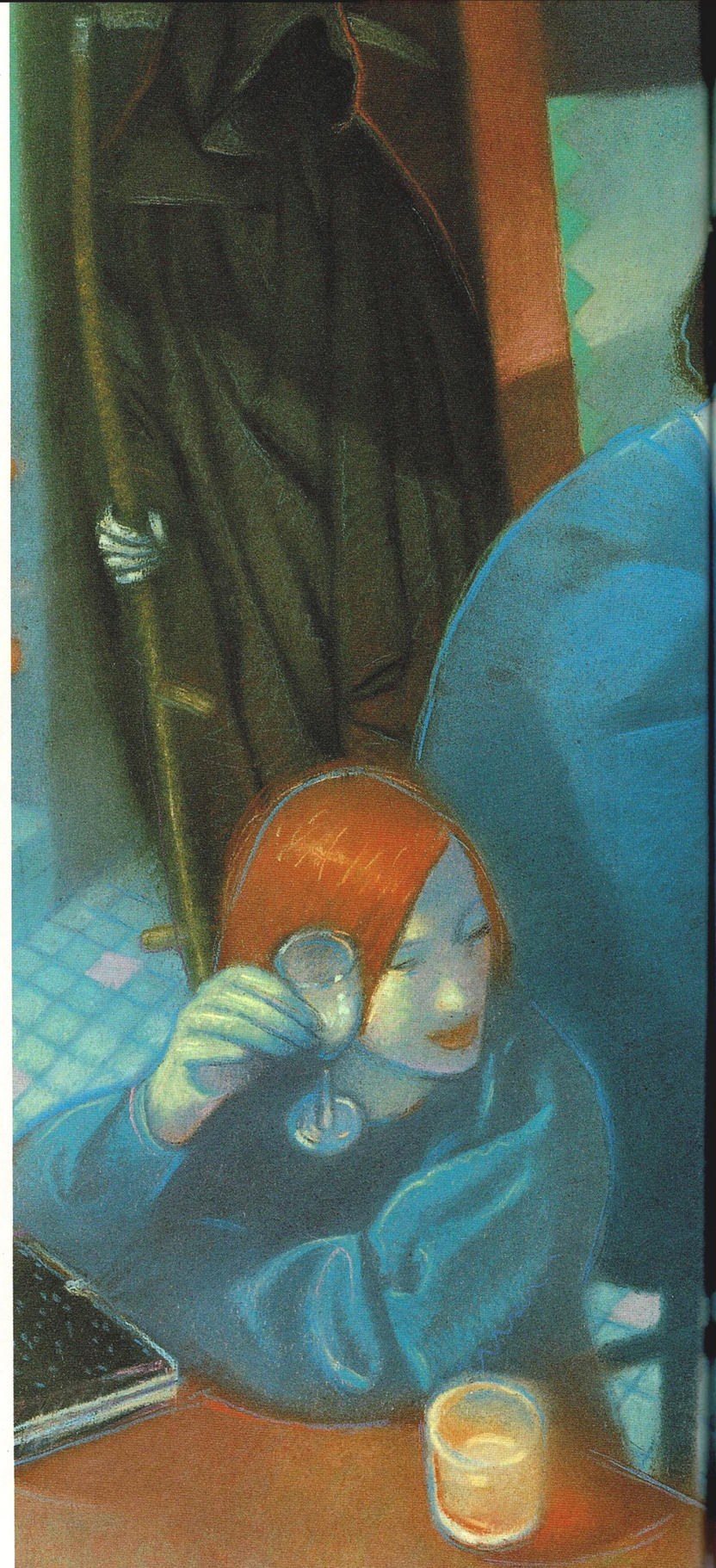
Since shooting her PLAYBOY pictorial, Ellen has arrived in Australia on a study trip to fulfil the requirements for an internship in her college major. Why did she choose Australia? "I feel that seeing another culture is important to learning about life, and Australia is similar enough to America so I don't get so overwhelmed, I feel lost."

We asked Ellen how those close to her reacted to the news she was posing for PLAYBOY. "My family has been very supportive. One of my friends, who is a very conservative Christian, cannot believe I'm posing for PLAYBOY. And I said, 'Why? I mean, God made us as sexual human beings. He made us naked.' And she said, 'Well, that's not how the world thinks of it.' And I said, 'Yeah? Well, that's the world's problem. I'm proud of my body.'"

NIGHT LIFE IN THE AGE OF AIDS

These days, when the sun goes down, there's a noticeable chill in the air.

A special Australian Playboy report.



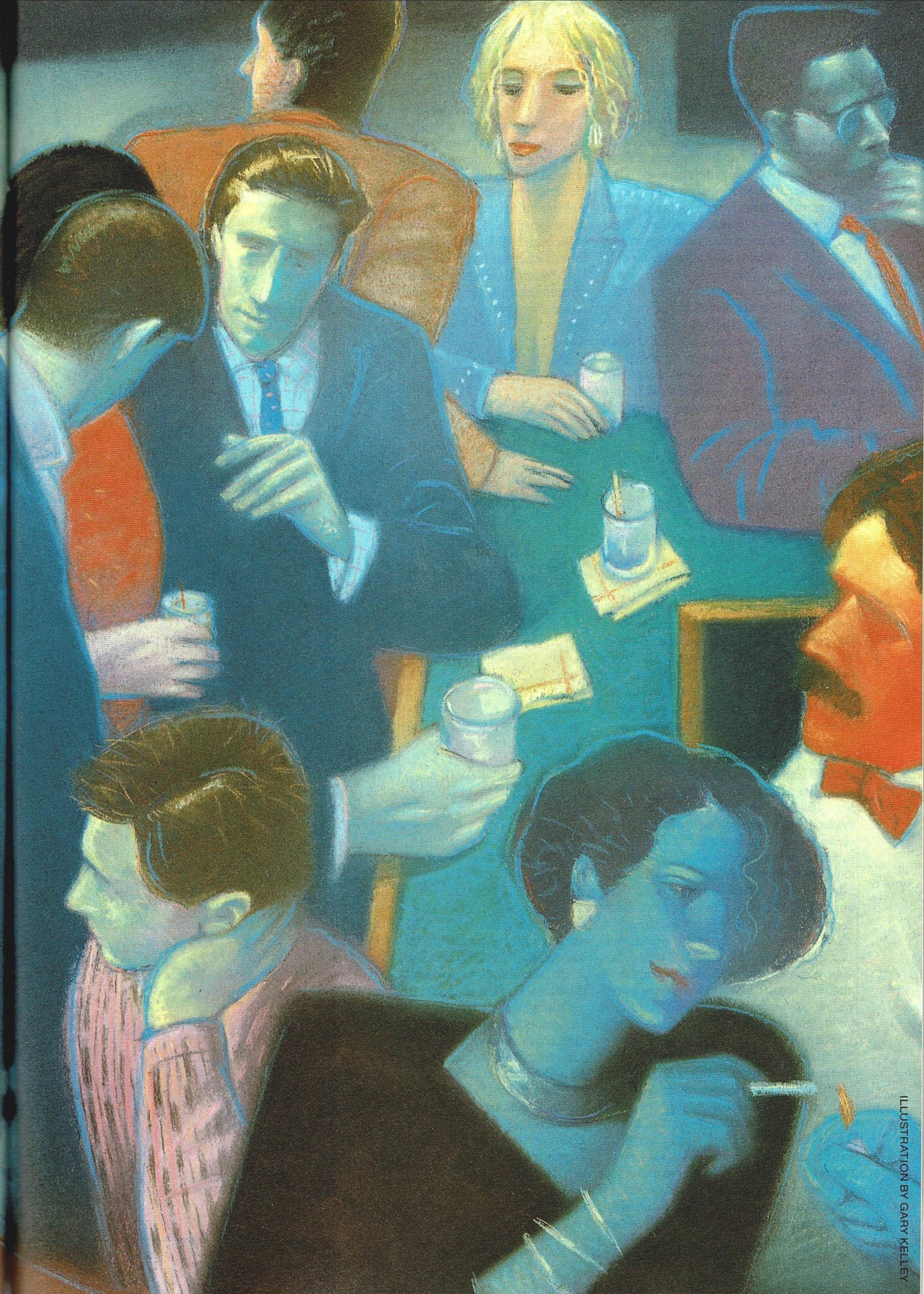


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

ARE YOU AFRAID of AIDS? If you're straight, and you aren't, it's probably a matter of time. In the past months, after a series of events — the deaths of Liberace and other celebrities, the controversy over AIDS testing and condom ads on TV, and reports of increased heterosexual AIDS cases — people who'd rarely mentioned the disease were suddenly talking about it constantly — in health clubs, in singles bars, at the office. Over in America, local TV news crews even turned their lights on in churning discos and asked heterosexuals the question: "Are you nervous about AIDS?" If they weren't nervous before, being asked the question made them think twice. And simply seeing these reports on TV made people everywhere wonder if they were in danger. Could making love to a stranger, or even a long-time lover, be an

embrace with the Grim Reaper in the ads?

We decided it was time to talk to Australian heterosexuals about AIDS. Our correspondents went to places where single people meet — discos, parties, pubs, bars and surf clubs — and they heard some amazing things. Some people blamed AIDS on gays, or a CIA plot, or an accident during a US germ warfare experiment or the wrath of God. Some wouldn't go anywhere without a condom. Some were angry, most guys joked about it, and some people couldn't have cared less. But nearly everyone felt the danger looming on the horizon, and worried that it might only become greater with the passage of time.

Our band of reporters were briefed to ask each interviewee as many of the following questions as time or level of interest allowed. The replies you will read from a cross-section of heterosexual males and females across Australia reflect their views on all or some of these issues:

1. Are you concerned about AIDS?
2. Do you feel *you're* at risk?
3. Do you carry or use condoms?
4. Do you ask potential sex partners for their sexual histories?
5. Do you feel insulted if a woman asks you to put on a condom? (Or, in the case of a female respondee, do you feel reticent about raising this subject with a man?)
6. Do you know anyone who has AIDS?
7. Would you sleep with anyone you had just picked up in a bar or would you wait for another encounter and establish more details about that person?
8. Do you know how to get an AIDS test?

According to all our interviewers, females seemed far more willing than males to give straightforward answers. They even seemed relieved at being able to air their fears about AIDS. Most guys fooled around and made jokes before settling down to reply to the questions. A degree of bravado was evident when groups of men were interviewed; they appeared evasive in front of their mates and were unwilling to admit to any real fears about AIDS. Men who were interviewed in a one-to-one situation with our roving reporters were more prepared to confide their true feelings.

CITY NIGHTSPOTS

In Melbourne, our male interviewer, a photo-journalist in his thirties, spoke to a variety of people at a flashy mid-city nightclub popular with models, photographers, designers and those involved in the advertising industry. These are well-dressed, yuppie types, articulate and aware. Michele, a 25-year-old production assistant with a film company, was his first interviewee. "Yes, I'm concerned about AIDS, but I don't think I'm at any great risk because I take every precaution I can. I exercise great discretion about whom I sleep with and I make them use condoms. I don't ask for a rundown on their sexual history because I figure I wouldn't get an honest answer anyway, but as I feel I'm well protected, that's not really an issue. As for asking them to put on the condom, yes, that is a bit embarrassing but, hell, we're talking about self-preservation here. Most of the time the guy is relieved I'm the one who's brought up the subject."

Michele's girlfriend, 23-year-old Lisa, is a receptionist for a modelling agency. Like Michele, she doesn't have a regular boyfriend. "I think people who aren't concerned about AIDS are pretty silly," she said. "After all, when you do go to bed with someone, even if you think you know them reasonably well, you still don't know anything about the people they've slept with for the past five or six years, and the people *they've* slept with, and so on. That's what concerns me. Yes, I carry condoms and it doesn't worry me in the least about asking a man to put one on. I think they're fine and they don't make much difference to the sensation you get, except you need a little more lubrication. I know it's supposed to affect the way a man feels but no one has complained to me about it."

At another table, our interviewer spoke to Jill, a 24-year-old private secretary, blonde and very attractive. "Sure, I'm concerned about AIDS but it's not an issue that dominates my sex life and I don't feel especially at risk. I haven't carried condoms. Frankly, I haven't had a sex partner since this whole AIDS thing blew up anyway. I just don't jump into bed with anyone. I think about things a lot more than I used to. But that's not a result purely of AIDS. There are lots of other diseases around these days."

In the same circle of people around the bar, our reporter bailed up two guys who were willing to talk. Josh, an 18-year-old university student, admitted to being an almost nightly disco-goer. "Yes, I'm worried and, yes, I suppose I'm at risk," he said. "I do carry and use condoms so I don't think it's necessary to interrogate a girl about her sex life before I sleep with her. I certainly wouldn't feel the least bit insulted if a sex partner wanted me to wear one. If I meet a chick at a disco and like her, I'll take her home that night. But, like I said, I'd be putting on that condom. I don't know anyone who has AIDS but if I got worried at all I would go to my family doctor or maybe a VD clinic and have a test."

Drinking with Josh was 26-year-old John, a photographer. "I haven't carried or used condoms since I was a teenager," he admitted. "But I'm contemplating it now. And if a woman asked me to, I suppose I'd feel embarrassed but I wouldn't refuse. I'd prefer to think she wasn't taking any kind of contraceptive and wanted it for that reason. I wouldn't want to discuss it with her. I'd just agree. As for sleeping with a pick-up, that would depend on my level of intoxication! It's a bit like the old joke of never having been to bed with an ugly

(continued on page 82)

A CALM LOOK AT AIDS

Report by **DAVID BLACK**

*Fear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty. To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom. (**An Outline Of Intellectual Rubbish** — Bertrand Russell.)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

Some experts now think the threat to heterosexuals is being dangerously overstated.

"AIDS WILL never become an overwhelming danger to the general public," Dr Robert Gallo said to me in February 1987. Gallo is the co-discoverer of the AIDS virus and the chief of the National Cancer Institute's Laboratory Of Tumor Cell Biology at the National Institute of Health. He has the first patent to produce the virus for laboratory study and is acknowledged as one of the world's leading AIDS researchers.

Gallo said this during an unprecedented wave of media hysteria and confusion on AIDS. Public health officials appeared to be outdoing one another in predicting widespread catastrophe. Cover stories and broadcasts warned about the danger of AIDS to all sexually active people, including heterosexuals. And although everyone agrees that for those in high-risk groups the disease has reached epidemic proportions, among researchers there is growing controversy about how grave the crisis is that threatens heterosexuals.

"It is not a plague," Gallo said firmly. "To start saying that this is going to overwhelm people — that's not true."

Gallo's view is unorthodox, but a few years ago, when heterosexuals were ignoring AIDS, Gallo was among the earliest to alert people to the danger of the illness. Fearful that straights would dismiss AIDS as a gay disease, resist funding research, and abandon those who were infected, Gallo fought to rally the public.

Now Gallo is worried that people — particularly heterosexuals who are not in a high risk category — are succumbing to an unnecessary panic, which could have political and sociological repercussions for everyone: gays, straights, men, and women.

"We're in a difficult position," Gallo said. "If you underestimate the danger, you can cause trouble." He believes people should not be lulled into a false security —and advocates the use of condoms and safe sex. "But if you overestimate the danger, you can also cause trouble," he said. "You can even drive people to suicide. I wouldn't promote any panic. The worst thing we could do is to overdo it, to exaggerate the danger."

Gallo points out that he is not an epidemiologist and, though he is a physician, he does not work on a day-to-day basis with patients. He says it has been "established" that an infected man can pass the AIDS virus to a woman through heterosexual intercourse. The AIDS virus, carried in semen, may enter a woman's system through ruptures in the vagina, mouth, or anus. It may even be transmitted from a man to a woman during artificial insemination, a procedure that is least likely to cause trauma or rupture. But Gallo says the virus is not easily transmitted. "You don't get infected in small doses; you need a big dose," he said.

As to transmission from women to men, Gallo says that although other researchers disagree, "I personally don't know a single case of a man getting the virus from a woman through heterosexual intercourse."

Gallo and those who agree with him say that unless the virus also moves easily from women to men, the risk of large-scale infection of the heterosexual population is slight. And since there is little evidence that women can transmit the virus to men "efficiently enough" to make AIDS the kind of danger to heterosexuals that it is among homosexuals, the danger of AIDS to the heterosexual community is being overstated.

"Woman-to-man transmission," Gallo said. "It's harder to get hard data on that. In Africa [*where AIDS seems to affect men and women in equal numbers*], it happens; but that may be due to difference in sexual practices, more promiscuity, or a greater incidence of venereal disease."

Or it may be due, as some researchers suggest, to the use of insufficiently sterilised needles in clinics; to the use of dirty needles for tattooing; and to ritual circumcision of women (in which the clitoris is removed)

which can lead to bleeding during vaginal intercourse and an increase in anal sex.

"In Western society," Gallo said, "it's very difficult to find the virus in vaginal fluid. We've *never* found it."

Gallo is not alone in calling for a calmer look at the facts. Dr Joseph Sonnabend, who helped discover interferon and is a founder of the AIDS Medical Foundation, has been one of Gallo's most prominent critics. From the very beginning of the AIDS crisis, they have disagreed on almost every aspect of AIDS theory. Gallo supported the single-virus/single-disease model; Sonnabend supported the multi-factorial (many causes) model. One of the rare points on which they agree is that there is little evidence that the disease can be readily transmitted from women to men and that, as a result, there is little reason to believe AIDS will spread in the heterosexual non-needle abusing population the way it has among homosexuals.

"I've never seen a case of female to male transmission," said Sonnabend, who has treated hundreds of AIDS cases.

"Women are at risk," Sonnabend added, "but I see no evidence that women can transmit AIDS to men. In fact, I see a lot of evidence that they cannot. AIDS is caused by the exposure to infected semen and blood that's introduced into the body; since women don't make semen and don't usually introduce blood into the male during sex, it is unlikely they can transmit the disease to their male partners.

"The scenario they [*many researchers and much of the media*] are promoting is that the disease will spread among heterosexuals through sexual contact the same way it spread among homosexuals," Sonnabend said. "But if women do not give it to men, the only way you can get the disease is if you have sex with a homosexual or bisexual man or an IV drug abuser. If you don't, you won't get it. You won't get it even if you have sex with a woman who has had sex with someone in a risk group."

Like Gallo, Sonnabend dismisses the relevance of AIDS in Africa to Westerners, saying, "In Africa, you have to look at other conditions, which are peculiar to those cultures."

Gallo calls for caution, saying that unless scientists find a vaccine for AIDS, the disease "will be with us forever; and, if you get infected, you're infected for life. Every group, both gay or straight, coming into their sexually active period will face some danger."

But the risk of infection may be more like the epidemiological danger people face from syphilis and gonorrhoea, which occur sporadically, rather than as a relentlessly spreading disease.(In fact, Gallo suspects there is a greater connection between AIDS and venereal disease than is now believed, since AIDS appears to be more rapidly transmitted by people already infected by venereal diseases.)

"For the general public, the magnitude of risk of getting AIDS is not great," said Gallo. "AIDS will never spread in the heterosexual community the way it did in the homosexual community."

Both researchers emphasise they are in no way downgrading the severity of the crisis for homosexuals and other high-risk groups, among whom the disease has indeed reached epidemic proportions. But even in the beleaguered homosexual community, safe sex and other changes in sexual behavior among homosexuals seem to be slowing the rate of increase of the disease.

In America in 1983, the number of cases was doubling every six months; by the northern autumn of 1986, it took 10 months to a year for the number of cases to double; and, if the Centres For Disease Control (CDC) prediction of a ten-fold increase of cases by 1991 is true, then it will take a year and a half for the number of cases to double. And that means the rate of increase of cases is decreasing.

There are some AIDS researchers and analysts who forecast a much bleaker picture than Gallo and Sonnabend. Drs Margaret Fischl and Gordon Dickinson of the University of Miami School of Medicine, among others, believe there is evidence that heterosexuals — both men and women —are indeed at risk.

"AIDS travels in both directions," Dr Dickinson said. "There is no scientific reason to suppose it doesn't." Yet the studies, and numbers involved, are open to interpretation. In the Fischl-Dickinson study, three of eight men with female sexual partners with AIDS seroconverted (began showing signs of AIDS infection), and these men were thought to be monogamous, heterosexual and non-drug users, "although you can never be absolutely certain," Dickinson said. Dickinson believes it is possible for the virus to be transmitted from women to men in vaginal sex through tiny cuts in the vagina and penis. He feels AIDS will have a major impact among heterosexuals, "but not the degree of spread it had in the homosexual community."

Dr Mathilde Krim, the co-chair of the American Foundation For AIDS Research, one of the most effective and visible advocates for AIDS research, also believes AIDS poses a danger for all sexually active people. They, and others who share their view, speak of a future in which the disease sweeps through society as the influenza epidemic did in 1918 or with the severity of a plague.

"AIDS has the potential for becoming a true pandemic," said Dr Krim. She rejected Gallo's conclusions on the heterosexual transmission, saying she believes AIDS can be spread with equal ease between men and women. "In 10 years it could affect even a million people. Worldwide, it can be 10 million, 100 million. God knows."

Krim cites three sources in support of her opinion: the Fischl-Dickinson study discussed above, a researcher at Montefiore Hospital in New York City and calculations on heterosexual transmission by Dr Timothy Dondero of the CDC.

The Fischl-Dickinson study involves small numbers of men (three out of eight). The researcher at Montefiore declined to have his name used or to confirm any statement about his work. And Dr Dondero of the CDC confirmed that his statistics showed a rise in heterosexual transmission but that the data on male-to-female and female-to-male transmission were unclear. "People who say the virus spread with equal efficiency are speculating," he said. Dondero added that the spread of AIDS into the heterosexual community is "difficult to project".

Krim resists all false hopes, what she refers to as "silver linings", though she is optimistic that "we have a vaccine and effective cures in five years' time. But certainly, for the next five years, people who are sexually active must be very careful."

Because Dr Krim thinks AIDS represents a great threat to everyone, Dr Krim's assistant emphasised to me her concern that Dr Krim's views not be misrepresented or misplaced in an article that questioned the severity of the AIDS crisis among heterosexuals.

"After all," she said, "people are dying."

And they are. Among people who are at high risk for the disease, AIDS is a terrifying threat to life. Any analysis of the AIDS crisis must confront the possibility that Dr Krim and those who believe as she does are correct. Those who believe the grimmer scenarios also worry — justifiably — that to downplay the AIDS threat to heterosexuals is to undercut efforts to cure, or to control, the disease. They are right. Any error should be on the side of caution.

Yet, as an editorial in the *New York Times* said earlier this year, "Dramatic alarms are well meant. They may one day be genuinely alarming... But in the meantime, fears that it [*AIDS*] is spreading into the heterosexual population are just that, fears. . . AIDS is grim enough without exaggeration."

Some recent published research also supports the contention AIDS is not spreading among heterosexuals as it has among homosexuals. New York City's Department of Health published a report in its *City Health Bulletin* late in 1986 that stated: "For over seven years, this route of [*female-to-male*] transmission should be measurable."

But the measurements have been statistically insignificant, according to the report. Although infected women have been able to provide much substantiation about the men "at risk from AIDS" they had sex with, only two infected men — out of all cases studied — claimed to be able to identify the heterosexual woman who infected them.

And that suggests a considerable number of men with AIDS — many of whom may

(continued on page 110)

"Well, how's the old celibate doin' today?"

PULLING POWER

Rob Luck test-drives the ultimate aphrodisiac on wheels.

HOW ARE YOU scoring? What's your pulling power with the women? Are you getting enough? If you're heavily into self-truth, then you just answered "no". Let's face it, whoever gets enough? Even gluttons get hungry. A car like this could

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KNIGHT

The Thruster!

The interior is the piece de resistance.

A kind of mobile aphrodisiac?

"It pulls better than a 14-year-old."

Cute automotive styling.

change your whole life. Dramatically. Instantly. Just snap out the T-roof flip-tops, clip on some racy shades, slick back the hair and do a cruise of the downtown boulevards. And watch what happens. . .

Sidewalk spunks will double-take as you zoom past, young nubiles will try to hurl themselves under your wheels. Even the "cool school" will turn their eyeballs inside out trying *not* to look (the whites of their eyes give 'em away every time).

We lent it to a mate. He's in his late twenties and a statistical median-man — medium height, medium build, very average looks, zero personality. Worse still he has a mortgage, a wife and kids, a Holden Camira, not to mention bad taste and an inferiority complex. He's a womaniser with a dubious score-sheet (he also tells fibs) and he's sensitive to criticism (so we'll change that first bit to ex-mate).

We sent him into the streets and kept him under surveillance. In under two hours he had a brand new address-book chokka with names. No shit.

It's that good. Really. We're not absolutely sure why. We had an idea, but we weren't sure. So we started ticking off the negatives. . .

It's not the color. We've had red cars before. Heaps. None has caused the faintest feminine flutter. It's not the value. Some cars reek of money and draw women like magnets. We did a little survey — most girls thought it cost "about 10 grand" (shows how many cars *they* buy). It's not earth-shattering styling. Not one babe used terms like "sensational" or "lunar" or "mind-blowing". It's not the latent speed. In two weeks of tunnel-testing, no one even asked "how fast" (about the car, that is).

Nope. We're sure about one thing. It's absolutely none of those. So do you want to know what it is? It's — wait for it — cute! Jee-sus. If we heard that once, we heard it a million times. . . "Oooh! Look, Tracey, isn't it so cute!"

So Nissan has discovered automotive styling that has the same impact on women as a stun gun at point blank range. Sure it's more expensive than a handpiece, but it's also legal. A kind of mobile aphrodisiac in a $25,000 container.

These days, that's cheap. The proven (bird-pulling) performers in this class (Porsche, Ferrari, Lamborghini etc) start at about five times the price. And you'll spend more time on servicing their upkeep than you will on servicing the women you aim to snare with them.

The EXA is even cheap by comparison with its own classmates. The sexy Celica, catatonic Cordia and individual Integra cost more if all the inclusions are calculated in the comparison equation. The EXA attracts reasonable rego and insurance rates (it doesn't have a mega-boomer under the bonnet) and will practically run on the fuel spill fron the car in front.

Nissan longevity has always been a bit of a moot point, but after one or two years of laying yourself legless, you'll be ready to trade on a nice inconspicuous Camira again. Or the latest upmarket spunkbox available at the time (sex is like drugs, once you overdose, it's hard to dry out).

Given all that information you're probably wondering how the Nipponese produced this. Well, they didn't — at least not without help. Would you believe they took their advice on the comfortable automotive psychiatric couch of the US West Coast?

In a way that's almost inevitable. Where else do you get such a hedonistic mixture of sun, sex and laid-back lifestyle? Small wonder, then, that Nissan hitched up with its Stateside partner to launch a California design studio some years back. Plugged right into the US adrenalin channel, NiCal has pumped out Nissan's best efforts yet. First it was the Navara light truck, then Pathfinder, now the EXA.

The EXA is a far cry from Nissan's other sporty offerings. About 25 grand downstream from the bloated, barge-like 300ZX, it's streets ahead of its predecessor, the Pulsar EXA, a shove-nose bob-tailed weirdo that looked like the product of some bleep-freak's computer program. It probably was.

However, it shares the same floorplan with the Pulsar EXA, and uses its basic mechanical layout of front engine, front-wheel-drive. But that is the beginning and end of the generic line. The rest is all new.

The thruster is cast in the current Japanese performance powerplant mould — that is, high-efficiency double overhead camshaft, fuel-injected compact four-cylinder engine. For those non-technical souls who've always wondered what a twin cam (DOHC) really is, we're not going to tell you (you can spend years studying technical journals like us). What it *means* is more power with good fuel efficiency because the engine can breathe better (like a runner with big lungs: more intake when sprinting, a trickle when jogging).

The twin cam is smoother than a turbo (without the raw grunt), gives power over a wide range (from start-line to mid-range and on up to high terminal speeds) yet can be extraordinarily frugal at the pump. In practice, the Nissan DOHC has more power than its turbo predecessor (but less acceleration because it overate during its design adolescence), some flat-spots in the power delivery, and fuel economy as good as 8-litres/100km (35mpg).

For the tar-burners, it's interesting to know most suburban sedans will match it from rest to the legal limit, and the standing quarter mile dragstrip time is about level with yesteryear's Mini Cooper S.

The handling is pretty sharp. Power-assisted steering means even a 40kg weakling can wrestle it into corners, and it tracks pretty flat and neat with a firm but lump-free ride. On dirt, where it loves to be thrown around, it's more fun than a weekend away with Miss World.

Brakes somehow work, although the equipment is hardly sports class. For those

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"Ratings war, eh? We'll give QTQ Channel Nine News a ratings war!"

a girl named desiree

Sydney's Desiree Brown, our desirable Miss August, is a girl who lives up to her name.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN

Sydney-based fashion model and part-time actress Desiree Brown looks upon her appearance in Australian PLAYBOY as a wonderful challenge. "Lots of people said I shouldn't do it," she says. "They thought there would be an image problem for me. But who's to say that a fashion model shouldn't do body work as well? Models shouldn't feel restricted to one particular area. I'm hoping my appearance will create lots of long-term opportunities, particularly in acting."

New Zealand-born Desiree's family migrated to Australia when she was 10. Now a bright and confident 21-year-old, she has been modelling for several years and has recently undertaken fashion and photographic work in Japan and Europe. "I also work as a production assistant in a film studio," says Desiree. "I've been learning to make holograms and the work is tremendously interesting. My main ambition, though, is to star in a major Australian film. I'm hoping something like that will come up very soon."

In her leisure time, Desiree does a lot of horse-riding around Sydney's Hawkesbury River. "I also play tennis and I belong to a local basketball team," she explains. "I've water-skied a bit and I'm learning surf-skiing, so I guess you could say I'm fairly active." Desiree has been dancing since an early age — ballet, jazz and even flamenco — and she enjoys watching all performing arts, especially comedy, plus reading as many books as she can. "I have a fat cat named Spice and a weimaraner dog who I take to obedience classes and on long runs in the park near my inner-city house. I love to be out and about doing things."

The man who will win Desiree's heart will be very intelligent with artistic and creative abilities. "And he'll have a marvellous sense of humor," she laughs, "plus blue eyes. I've always been attracted to men with blue eyes. Maybe it's because mine are so dark and they say opposites attract!" As for romance and sex, Desiree's, well, desires lie in lazy weekends in the country, with lots of time for lounging in front of big fires and soaking in hot tubs. "Sex should never be mundane," she says. "It must be stimulating and fun."

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Desiree Brown.

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Desiree Brown

BUST: 88cm (35") WAIST: 58cm (23") HIPS: 86cm (34")

HEIGHT: 173cm WEIGHT: 52kg

BIRTH DATE: 24·6·66 SIGN: Cancer

AMBITIONS: Award-winning actress as the female lead in an Australian film, to travel, to better the world.

TURN-ONS: The moonlight, high tech laser light, international travel, sculptures of the human form, and vintage cars.

TURN-OFFS: Gluttony, avarice, uranium, animal neglect and people who are rude, insensitive and sarcastic.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Jitterbug Perfume, Illywacker, The Heart of the Matter, Alice in Wormland, The Penguin Dorothy Parker

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Mort Sahl, Mel Gibson, Models, Madonna, Jonathan Coleman, Brett Cabot, Nastassia Kinski, Paul Hogan, Paul Simon, Paul Walton.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Basket-ball, Sprinting, Horse-riding and Swimming.

IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, sensitive, artistically creative, with an academic background and good sense of humor

SECRET FANTASY: To be Australia's first Holographic 3D goddess. To date Max Headroom

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The novice parachutist desperately clawed at his reserve chute when the main one failed to open. At 300 metres, falling helplessly to earth, he met a woman coming up.

"Do you know anything about parachutes?" he shouted frantically.

"No!" she yelled. "Do you know anything about gas ovens?"

Every night, the strapping 16-year-old bought a three-pack of condoms at the local chemist shop. The pharmacist finally suggested that buying an economy-sized pack would be more economical.

The next afternoon, the boy returned and complained to the chemist that the label on the pack had said 150 and there were only 149 inside.

"Sorry," the man said, handing him a single condom. "Hope to hell it didn't spoil your evening!"

The warden explained to the condemned man that he could have anything he wanted for his last meal.

"Would you like lobster? Filet mignon or beef Wellington? Maybe some caviar and French champagne?"

"I'll just have a dish of mushrooms," the prisoner replied.

"Okay, whatever you want," the warden shrugged. "But why mushrooms?"

"Always been afraid to eat 'em."

A couple were flying to their Queensland hideaway on a chartered plane when a terrible storm forced them to land on an uninhabited island. When several days passed without rescue, the stranded couple and their pilot sank into a despondent silence. Finally, the woman asked her husband if he had paid his tax bill.

"We're running out of food and water and we're probably going to die on this bloody island and you ask *that*?" her husband barked. "If you must know, I owe them $20,000 and I've already paid them a quarter."

"You owe the Taxation Office $15,000?" the woman exclaimed euphorically. "Don't *worry*, Sam, they'll find us! They'll find us!"

A man and his wife were enjoying a dinner out when a voluptuous blonde walked over to their table, exchanged warm greetings with the husband and walked off.

"Who the heck was that?" the wife demanded.

"As a matter of fact," he replied coolly, "that was my mistress."

"Your mistress!" she snarled. "I want a divorce."

"Are you sure you want to give up a big house by the beach, a Mercedes sports car, furs, jewellery and our holiday home on the Gold Coast?"

They continued dining in silence. Finally, the woman nudged her husband and said, "Isn't that Roger over there? Who's he with?"

"That's his mistress," the husband replied.

"Oh," she said, taking a bit of dessert. "I think ours is cuter."

A prestigious medical journal reports that surgeons were very encouraged following their first penis transplant procedure, despite a slight post-surgical hitch. The organ responded normally, but the patient's hands rejected it.

Two tribesmen, depressed over recent laws forbidding the practice of cannibalism, were strolling through the jungle when they came upon an abandoned archaeological dig.

One noticed a stack of Australian PLAYBOYs left behind by the departed scientists and began stuffing pages into his mouth.

"What are you doing?" his astonished friend asked.

"Try it," he urged, handing over the centrefold. "This dehydrated stuff is pretty good."

A famous golfer was on trial for beating another golfer senseless. The defendant's solicitor appealed to the judge. "Your Honor, the plaintiff was drunk and abusive and kept interrupting the game. My client, in desperation, beat him unconscious with a golf club."

"I see," said the judge, considering the evidence. "How many strokes?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Of course lack of discipline is a major problem in raising free range chickens!"

Travel by **Danny A. Rose**

INTRUDER IN PARADISE

A Single Man's Guide to making out in Tahiti, the South Pacific's fabled honeymoon capital.

TANNED, TOPLESS women. Tall, majestic palms. Splendid French wines from noon to nirvana. What more could anyone ask of the world's most hedonistic holiday spot? Only this: that beneath each tall, majestic palm, sipping her splendid French wine, each

tanned, topless woman would not be firmly, *growlingly* ensconced between pectoral and bicep of her new groom.

Yes, Single Man, you have come to French Polynesia, aka Honeymoon Land —a veritable paradise for newlyweds but a virtual purgatory for Singles, unless you know how to go about it. For there you are, the only eligible, unattached male for 1300km in every direction of sparkling South Seas, and you have the choice of being either absolutely miserable in all that splendor, or to have the time of your life. It's up to you.

Tahiti, Papeete, Bora Bora. . . the most erotically charged syllables in the lexicon of honeymooners the world over. Their very sound catches the breath and moistens the mouths of lovers everywhere. From Germany, France, Japan, Greece, Italy — and Australia — they flock to this South Pacific group of islands to partake of the gin-clear water, the sunsets that put Kodachrome to shame, the temperature that redefines the word "ideal". It is remarkable how here, in the middle of the South Pacific, they all make such easy friends: Argentinian couples snorkelling with Dutch couples, newlyweds from Mexico playing volleyball with their counterparts from Australia — so many people teaming together who share nothing in common except the mating instinct. But not the kind of mating instinct you have, Single Man. Simply by dint of your singular state, you represent the antithesis of every wedding vow that bonds these disparate people together.

You're an outlaw.

Try and take a nap to forget your predicament? The couple next door will be playing with their new toys. Try and take a two-day cruise? Of 20 cabins on board, 19 will contain Sinatra-warbling, wall-banging, moan-ejecting monogamists. No matter where you go in Honeymoon Land, you'll rise for breakfast with the kind of hangover on your face that spells *alone*. And even worse than the mornings are the nights: the sun goes down, the curtains close with unseemly haste, there is the hideous sound of champagne corks popping. . . eh, *voila*! you find yourself alone in all that glorious sunset, treading the sand on tiptoes amid the empty beach chairs two by two. You're lonelier than an outlaw. You're an intruder in paradise.

Now is not the time to contemplate what crimes you committed that led to your banishment to this place of beautiful torture. No, now is the time to reach for your sonar. For never fear, Single Man, if there's one power you possess that you can take with you anywhere in the world, it's your well-honed ability to sound out whatever female magic there may be within a 300km radius. And make no mistake, there *is* female magic to be had, a special magic that waits to bestow its favors on you with as much anticipation as you wait for it. ("Just alone?" asks the comely maid, swaying her hips as she turns down your sheet for the night, "Is okay?") But none of that magic can take place unless you dust off your sonar, fine-tune your sense of frolic, and equip yourself with the correct set of expectations.

What to expect: It's true the Polynesian natives really are as beautiful as legend has it. Unlike the other islanders of the South Pacific — the stately but big-boned Melanesians who inhabit Fiji, the hospitable but huge Tongans, and the kind but coarser-featured Cook Islanders — here the fable of the beautiful South Seas women is borne out to a heart-piercing degree. You sense it the moment you step off the plane; sense it in the chic high heels, the polished sweep of hair, the refined use of make-up. It is, in a word, French, with all the elegant energy such an influence has brought to bear on a carefree island population. Even better: French with a drop of Chinese, and a soupcon of some wild, unclassifiable blood so the dark purity of their gaze is shot through with a gutter-streak of blonde. The faces are instantly recognisable: you've seen them in all those Gauguin paintings.

What not to expect: Reasonable prices and pleasant service. The appeal of this beauty for the Single Man is obvious. But it's the old double edge: high beauty so often feels it can afford aloofness. The Polynesians who step through the airport with such class are not only more dainty but more haughty, too. They are of that peculiar school of hospitality that judges the traveller guilty until proven innocent. . . clanging your change on the counter, looking right through you with a sour expression when you say *merci*. Not that you may feel like saying *merci* in any case, when you get the bill. According to this school of hospitality, when they've got you, they've got you. There you are with a $12 beer in your hand, a $16 hamburger at the ready, a $100 standard-issue island shirt on your back, and a growing suspicion that you're getting burned by the best — with the frangipani in their hair to punctuate their beauty.

What you couldn't expect to expect: Transvestism. Your old man may never have told you (how could he, when he didn't know himself?) but Papeete, the capital of Polynesia, is the unofficial transvestite capital of the South Pacific. Apparently, there is such a high regard for female offspring here that if a family has four sons, the last will be raised as a daughter. And where do all these "daughters", grown up and gorgeous, congregate after 10pm? You guessed it: the clubs of Papeete. For the Single Man in the know, the scene can be quite amusing. Otherwise, you have to find out the hard way: dancing with great abandon, goosed and fondled and squeezed in the shadowy disco lights, another suspicion will slowly grow on you, fostered in equal measures by a certain throatiness of everyone's voice as well as an increasingly pungent scent of body odor. "Pardon my lack of tact," you will inquire of your partner, in your most polite voice, "but you *are* a woman, are you not?" Back will come the high-pitched giggle: "Non, me *garcon*!" Forewarned is forearmed.

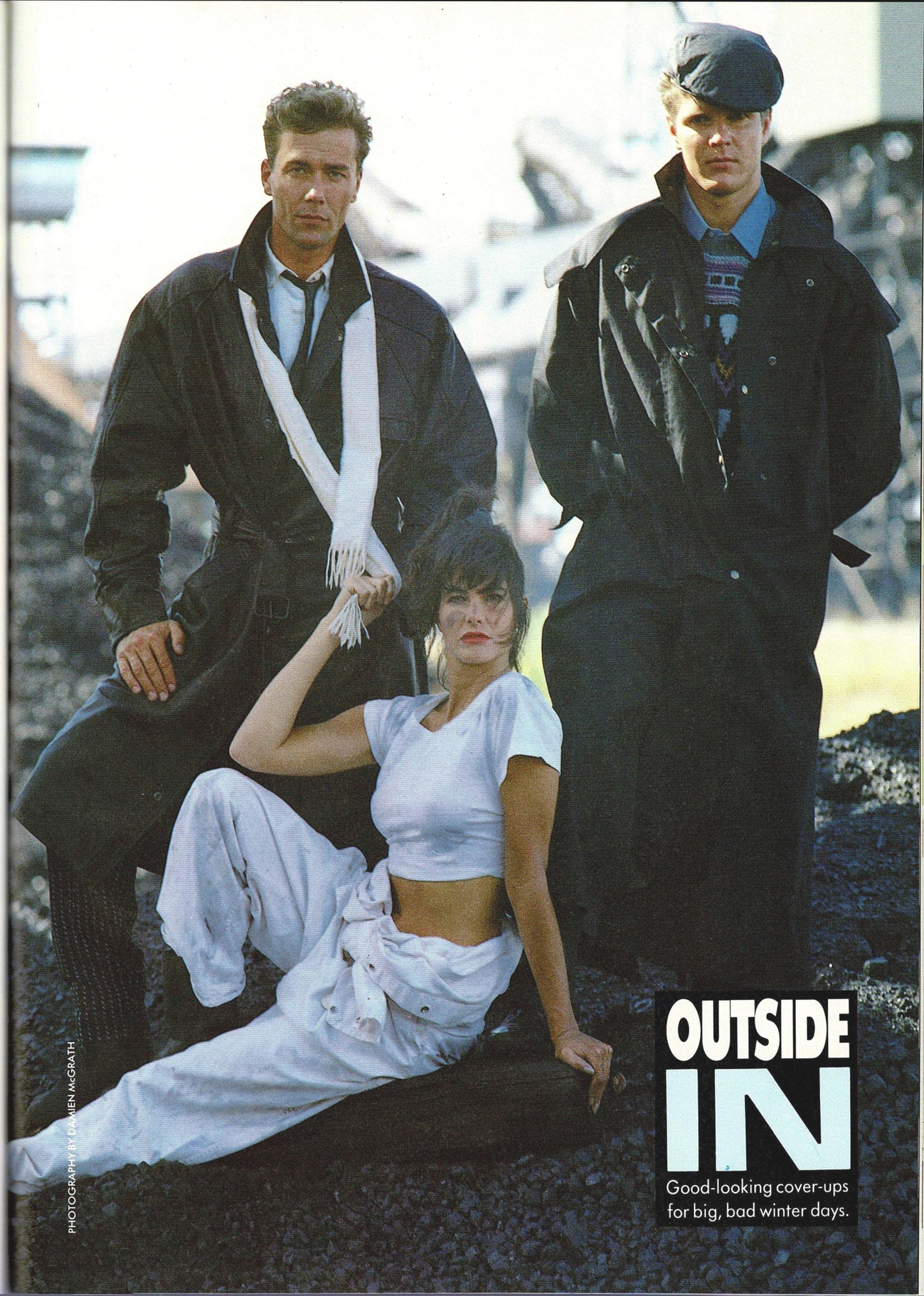
As disconcerting as this may be, you will soon get into the harmless swing of things when you see how easily these cross-dressers pass into the population as a whole, with no prejudice against those who serve, mascot-style, as popular waiters and receptionists at various tourist stops. It is only after midnight on the streets of Papeete that a certain prejudice may be warranted, for a Single Man hurrying home to his hotel is likely to be fondled at every street corner by some heavily perfumed body-builder in a hurry of his own.

Best way to meet (real) women: Island hop. Not only will changing your locale up your chances, but the airline going from one island chain to another within Polynesia serves as the informal meeting place for any Singles on the loose. Tahiti's domestic airline is charmingly unselfconscious enough to peddle its own sunglasses on the boarding ramps, and through the jumbo olive-shaped windows you can hone your sonar by keeping a bird's eye view on who's boarding who, where, and how.

How the various stopping-off points size up: Each island has a different personality. Tahiti, the central island, features the capital city of Papeete, where yachts from Brisbane and Rotterdam moor under locust trees to the crowing of roosters. Everyone complains about how noisy Papeete is, but to the Single Man with an ear cocked for excitement, it's the irresistible sound of life reverberating at full blast. Fish trucks honk to potential customers, "Le Truck" rocks by every 90 seconds with the latest Madonna album blaring out its back. (Or Wham, or Duran Duran. For the fancy-free Single, this open-bus transportation may be the only kind in the world whereby you can choose your destination according to what kind of rock music they serve up.) Papeete is the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *South Pacific* updated for the '80s, a punked-out Gauguin girl in a bikini puttering by on a motor-scooter with a stack of warm French bread in her basket. You may fall in love.

At the opposite end of the spectrum is Bora Bora, which James A. Michener called "the most beautiful island in the world". But its beauty comes with the price of conceit: so supercilious is its attitude that even the flowers give off the sense that they've been photographed a hundred times before. The place is especially plotted for honeymooners: the hammocks so double-sized a Single Man may not be able to find his way out for hours, the couples sipping lifeless Bloody Marys at the fabled Bloody Mary Restaurant as they argue endlessly over such domestic details as the efficiency

(continued on page 109)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

OUTSIDE IN

Good-looking cover-ups for big, bad winter days.

Brave the big, bad winter in grand style with this selection of good-looking outer garments. Whether you choose an overcoat, duffle coat, rain protector or even a new-look dust jacket, you'll be covered from the elements and surrounded with style. Try an oiled stockman's coat over one of this season's chunky, brightly patterned woollen jumpers, jeans and boots. Pop an oilskin over your city suit for a distinctly Down Under version of the trench coat. The new dust jackets come in gaberdine, drill or polished cotton chintz to present a steamy, streetwise look. These lightweight coats are perfect for milder winter and autumn days. A well-cut, classic overcoat with a rough weave or a tweedy fleck is the ideal choice for more formal occasions. And winter 1987 hails the return of the duffle coat, that casual, comfortable garment that's so easy to throw over your winter woollens. Grab a cuddly friend, add a warm cover-up and the heat will really be on this winter.

Previous page: On the left, the soft black leather overcoat is by Jag ($895). On the right, his traditional Australian stockman's coat from Thomas Cook ($135) translates beautifully to a city setting. **Right:** His duffle coat in steel blue with heavy metal hooks is by Country Road ($280). **Far right:** His overcoat by Plot ($400) features a roughly woven texture in black and white; this heavyweight coat is lined for extra warmth.

On the left, his dust coat from Country Road's Workwear range ($290) is styled in polished cotton chintz. On the right, his Trent Nathan black overcoat ($400) features a double-breasted style and a sharp white fleck.

NIGHTLIFE *(continued from page 52)*

"AIDS? No, I'm not too worried. I'm not a poof and I don't use needles and I'm selective."

woman but having woken up next to a few!"

Andrew, a 30-year-old art director, was drinking with his 28-year-old sister, Samantha, at a table for two away from the main push. After some initial embarrassment about being confronted with a few sample questions, it was Samantha, an actress, who spoke first. "I'd like to say I'm worried enough about AIDS never to sleep with a guy I've just met in a bar," she admitted, "but that wouldn't be totally true. Most times it just doesn't happen that way. There's a shortage of nice, straight males in Melbourne. All the best ones are already taken, and it can be hard for a woman of my age to find a suitable partner. So if a guy's good looking and you're having a reasonable conversation and he indicates he wants sex then, yes, you tend to go for it. It's easy to get carried away by the heat of the moment. And sometimes a guy can be so persistent that it's easier to give in than argue about it for hours."

Somewhat startled by his sister's frank revelations, it was Andrew who took over the conversation. "But you don't know where those guys have been," he pointed out to her. "You're putting yourself in a high-risk situation. Surely you'd have to think about condoms. You know, force them to put one on." Samantha's reply was a non-committal nod of the head. "The problem is," Andrew continued, "we're not well enough informed. A lot of people, and maybe my sister is one of them, think AIDS is just a disease which affects homosexuals. I don't know what the heterosexual statistics are like but I'd hate to be the one guy in a million who gets it. I'm in a permanent, very faithful relationship with a girl but, if that changed, I'd be stocking up on condoms real fast."

The scene switches to a singles bar in downtown Sydney where sweaty bodies are gyrating on the dance-floor and there's a push of people at the bar. The crowd is twentyish, well-groomed. Our reporter is a 22-year-old male who's a regular patron of the bar.

"It's pretty easy to tell which girls could potentially have AIDS," Jesse, a 20-year-old art student, told our interviewer. "Bad girls are bad girls and you get to know the bad ones from the nice ones. A bad girl is someone who looks like a tramp, someone who's easy to pick up. Hey, that's what most guys are looking for! It's a double-edged sword."

"That's pretty unrealistic," interrupted Caroline, a 21-year-old airline stewardess who shares a flat with Jesse. "It's like you're convinced because you're a middle-class, well-educated Australian you wouldn't get a girl pregnant. Do you think AIDS is that selective?"

Agreed Jesse, "Sure, I guess you don't think it could ever happen to you. It's like being hit by a car. You can take a few precautions, be aware of road safety, but if it's going to happen, it's going to happen."

That fatalistic approach was mirrored in the comments of all the males questioned by this reporter. Sure, they'd wear condoms if a woman wanted them to, just as they'd drive a bit slower if a female passenger was worried. But AIDS? Too faraway a threat to affect their everyday lives.

SUBURBAN PUBS AND CLUBS

Our next interviewer was a 22-year-old female journalist who visited a Sydney pub with live bands popular with an inner-city, slightly punkish clientele. She found only one male willing to talk. Twenty-one-year-old Shane, a sales assistant, said, "Yes, of course I'm afraid. I don't want to die, but I keep thinking that it couldn't happen to me. That's human nature. I haven't been using condoms but, it's funny actually, I bought a packet today and I'm not worried about wearing one but *only* if the woman wants me to. If she doesn't insist, I'm not opening the packet! I don't know anyone with AIDS but if I was worried that I had it or anything, I guess I'd go to the casualty section of a hospital."

At the same pub, Polly, a 24-year-old nurse, told our interviewer she wasn't too concerned about AIDS as she'd had the same partner for several years. "He only had one other partner before me," she said. "I trust him implicitly and I don't see how either of us could be at risk. But as I work at a hospital, I've seen patients with AIDS and it's an horrific disease. No one deserves to die like that. So my advice to everyone out there is to take all possible precautions. That doesn't mean celibacy. It means safe, sensible sex. I think AIDS is God's way of punishing us. Maybe promiscuity was getting out of hand."

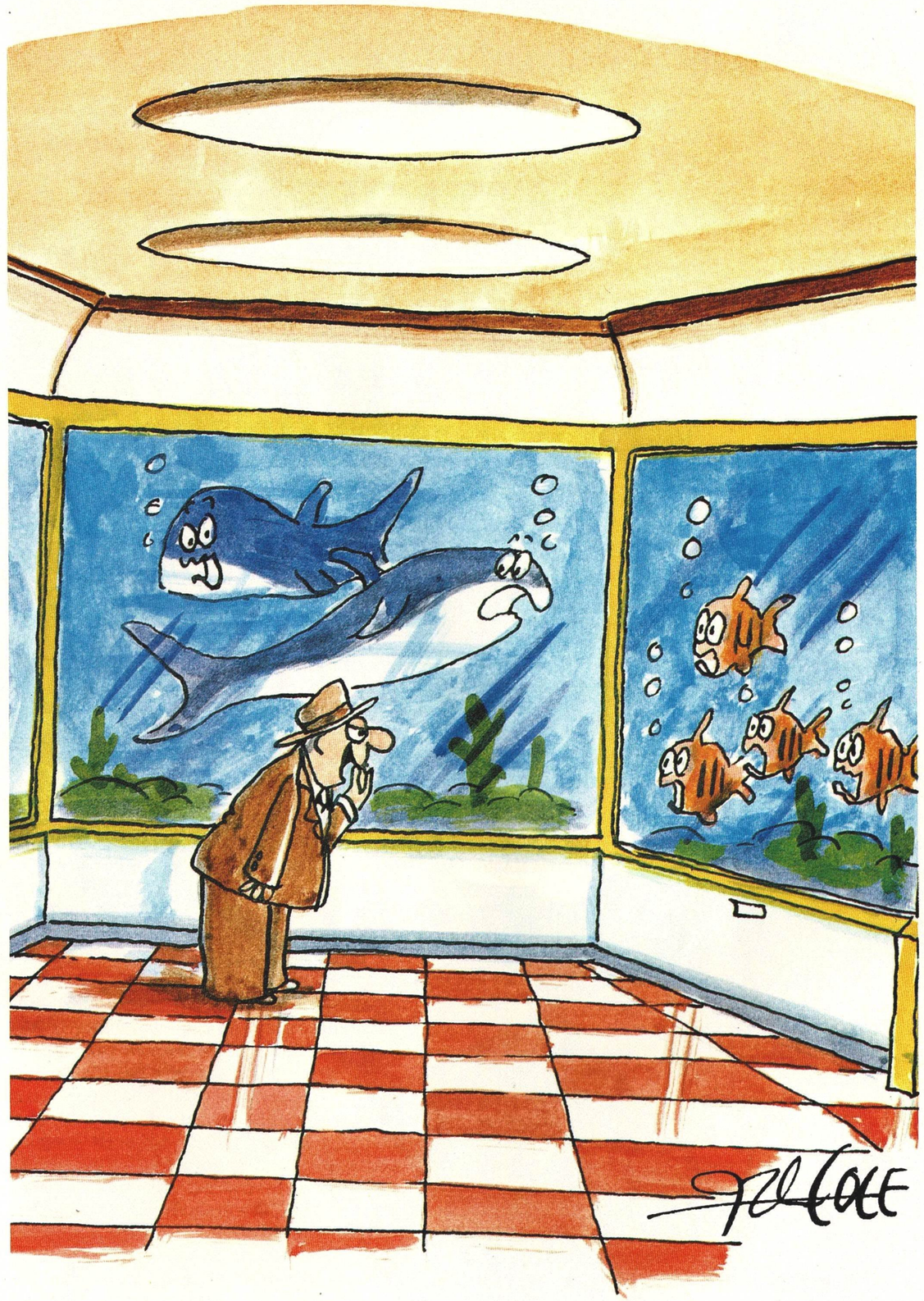
Mary, a 21-year-old youth worker, commented: "No one is immune from this so of course I'm worried. I don't consider myself to be in a high-risk group but anyone who is sexually active should be very concerned. I don't carry condoms because I don't fuck around. I would never put myself in a situation where I'd be picked up. But if I met someone I really liked and it was obvious we both wanted sex, I'd try to get to know them as best I could first and not just bombard them with pointed questions about their sexual history. No one's going to admit he's slept with hundreds of women because he knows that's really going to turn you off. I used to share a flat with a social worker who was dealing with AIDS victims and I went through a lot of hysterical stress thinking she would bring home the virus and infect everyone in the flat. I had to confront that fear by reading everything I could about the subject."

Our girl reporter moved on to a disco catering to a youngish, unsophisticated crowd at Parramatta in the thick of Sydney's western suburbs. Her first interviewee was Rob, a 21-year-old law student. "AIDS? No, I'm not too worried," he said. "I'm not a poof and I don't use needles and I'm pretty selective about who I sleep with. I don't use condoms — in fact, I've never even put one on. I don't like the idea. I've never quizzed a girl on her past. I rely on gut feelings about people and I'm usually right. I feel pretty lucky — I don't think I'm the sort of person who would get AIDS. If a woman went on and on about me wearing a condom and I really wanted her, I suppose I'd have to put the damned thing on or miss out."

At the same venue, she confronted Wayne, a 20-year-old messenger. "I'm concerned because it's probably been around for longer than we realise. I spent some time in Bali and slept with a lot of girls and, jeez, I can't even recall the names of half of them. I've never thought of condoms up until now. And if I ever did consider them before it was as a means of birth control — you know, if a bird's not on the Pill. But those TV ads are a bit scary so, yeah, I need to think a bit harder about condoms. But it's a bit insulting, I reckon, for a woman to make a man put on a condom. She's immediately saying she doesn't trust you. Maybe the clever ones just lie about not being on the Pill. Heck, it's enough to make you give it up for life!"

Before leaving, our interviewer spoke to the barman about the effects of the AIDS scare on the club's business. "People talk about it all the time," he said. "We were half joking about putting a condom dispenser in the toilets. I reckon we'd have to keep restocking it on Friday and Saturday nights when this place is unbelievably crowded and there's a lot of 'Hi, what's your star sign?' shit going on. It's been just the past, oh, six months that people have been preoccupied with talking about AIDS. Everyone will be standing around bull-shitting and then the subject will come up. When I'm speaking with a bloke, he'll be a little more open about it. A woman won't say, 'Yeah, I've been screwing Tom, Dick and Harry, and now I'm only screwing Tom.' But a guy will say the equivalent of that. Women just talk about it being God's way of punishing us, about it being germ warfare by the bloody yanks, all that stuff. But as for business, nah, we're as busy as ever."

(continued on page 114)



"Sushi! Sushi! Sushi!"

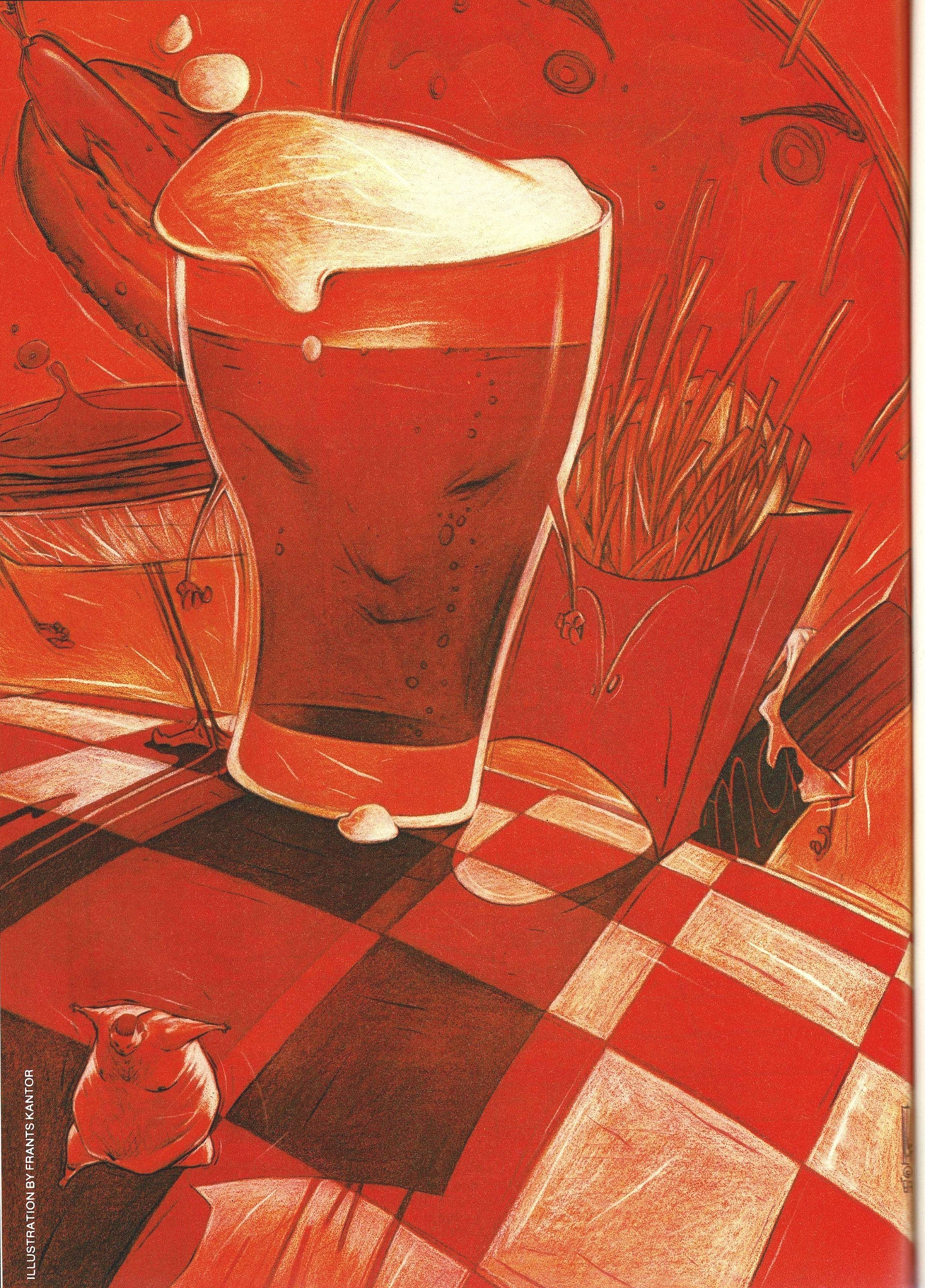


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Food by DIANE PARKS

You need a course in diet control when flab gets out of hand.

THE ATTACK OF THE KILLER-JOULES

IT'S ALL A matter of luck really. That and being in the right place at the right time. Whenever one of those boppy ads for Coke or the like crops up on the tube, you know it could be you gettin' up and gettin' down with all those slim, trim, great looking girls. Or could it? You've probably never noticed the guys in those commercials — the ad agencies work very hard to direct your attention precisely where they want it. But all those guys look just as trim, fit and terrific as the girls do. And slumped in front of the TV with your hand wrapped around a tinny doesn't exactly add up to the image the agency had in mind.

Okay, you say, you've put on a little weight, but what does that really matter? You can still heave yourself through a quick spot of lunch-time touch footy and you can still thrash around in the surf. Hey, c'mon, cut the justifications! You're not at the pub: the only person you have to impress here is you, so let's try a little honesty. Is the reason the expensive leather daks you bought last year are hiding in the back of the wardrobe because the zip won't do up any longer (or if it does, you feel one sneeze could put your manhood in danger)? Have the "cuddle" handles on your waist grown into a full-blown spare tyre? Are your shirt buttons gaping so badly around your middle you yearn for the return of the wide tie? What does all this mean? It means, brother, you are overweight — *too fat*. Cruel, but true.

But hope is at hand. The only thing standing in the way of the return of that great body is you. You are completely in control of your weight. If you really want to lose the excess flab, you can. Of course it will call for some sacrifices along the way, some advance planning and a bit of wily cunning.

First up you have to accept the only way you're going to lose weight is to stop eating so much! "Zip the lip" is to be your motto from now on. The diet accompanying this article is kilojoule-controlled and designed to knock off weight quickly but sensibly. Although it contains only 6280 kilojoules (1500 calories) a day, it is, nevertheless, no fad, fly-by-night diet. It is based on sound nutrition — the stuff that high energy and vital good health are made of. And once you've lost the excess weight, it can provide the basis for a lifetime of sensible eating.

The food content of this diet will probably come as a pleasant surprise. Sensible diets today are based on high-fibre, low fat, low sugar and low salt so you'll find there's plenty of tasty food. While you'll have to give up your pie and sauce, there's nothing to stop you tucking into spaghetti marinara, grilled or barbecued lobster tails, baked potatoes, wholemeal bread, fish, chicken or lean meat. There's much more to choose from than the rabbit food you probably imagined.

But here's the killer for most of you — while you're dieting you should stop drinking. Okay, one glass of wine or a lite beer a day won't send your kilojoules reeling. But like peanuts, it can be very hard to stop at just one. The thing you probably love most about alcohol is its resolve-lowering qualities, and that relaxed feeling it induces. Diets call for stern measures so unless you really do have a will of iron, be prepared to give the booze a miss until you reach your target

weight. (Our height/ weight chart will give you an indication of what the experts say you should weigh.)

The other thing you need to look at (well, not just look at but *do*) is exercise. Weekend social tennis is great, but you really need something more concentrated to knock the bod into shape. There are two types of exercise and you'll need a healthy serve of each. First is the mega-fat burning aerobic type. This form of exercise uses oxygen to convert the dreaded fat into energy and it requires sustained physical exertion. There are any number of ways you can do this. Demanding sports such as squash are one avenue but you need to keep up the pace for at least 20 minutes at a stretch and, if you're out of condition, this could be more than you're ready for. You could try aerobics classes at your local gym; such classes have been specifically designed to help build your stamina, keep your heart rate up at "fat-burning" levels and work major muscle groups as well. But there are aerobics classes and aerobics classes. Visit a few gyms and talk to friends — fit friends — to find a place which has well-trained, qualified instructors. Or you could simply go running or jogging, the cheapest forms of aerobic exercise available. The only expense is the shoes (and here it pays to buy the best you can afford). But whatever form of aerobic exercise you choose, you must do it consistently — at least three times a week — for maximum benefit.

Anaerobic exercises use short, very intense bursts of energy. These are muscle toning and building exercises and are probably best practised using weights in a gym. Working out with weights can do more than almost anything else to get your body into the shape you want, and it can do it quickly enough for you to see the results of all the sweat before your interest begins to flag.

Find a gym that has the weights or equipment that suits you best. Some guys like using free weights and Universal machines, others prefer Hydragym or Nautilus equipment. If you've never done this type of workout, it's worth giving them all a go to see what you feel you would keep up (which of course is the secret to the whole thing). Choose a gym with instructors who will help you work out an exercise program to build up or trim down the relevant parts of your body. An added benefit of all this training is that it takes time — time when you might otherwise be drinking and eating.

So that's basically it. Follow the diet, change your eating habits and get more exercise. Sounds great, sounds easy, particularly when you say it all quickly. The reality isn't quite so simple. Changing eating habits, like changing anything else that's a routine, is difficult and you'll be constantly tempted. You'll occasionally binge out but don't think it's all over if you do. It happens to every dieter. Just remember the old falling-off-a-horse adage: you really need to forget about the binge and get right back on your diet.

Those people you call mates can also pose a problem. Some will think it's great you're trying to lose weight and get into shape. They're the ones with enough self-confidence not to feel threatened if you start looking better. The others who give you a hard time? Well, what's it to them if you're dieting and working out? Maybe they can't stand the competition. But remember, you shouldn't be too noble about the whole thing either. Don't make a big deal about your slimming, trimming program — just get on and do it. And if you're firm about what you're doing, the friends worth having will respect you for it. (A few might even join you when they see the results.)

And the benefits are far and away above just getting the body in shape. You'll find pride in your appearance will grow, you'll have much more energy and stamina for work and all types of play.

•

HERE ARE 14 days of diet meals which allow you a reasonable 6300 kilojoules (1500 calories) a day. On this diet, most guys should be able to lose around a kilo a week. You may find you'll lose more than this initially but, as you continue on the diet, you should stabilise your loss at around this rate. If you're losing weight too quickly, add some extra snacks from the list provided. You need to lose at a slow but steady pace to allow your body time to adjust to the eating plan you're adopting and also to allow yourself to feel comfortable with this new, nutritionally sound way of eating.

Once you've reached your target weight you can add extra treats — a few extra beers, the odd Mars Bar — but always keep an eye on the scales and the mirror so the problem never gets out of hand again. The meal plans are for one person but can be easily increased if a flatmate, girlfriend or wife wants to join in. We don't expect you to cook too much (all the kitchen skills required are of the basic open-the-can sort) and we've allowed you one night out a week. If you have to lunch out for business, use your dinners out as a substitute and as a good guide for the future. This diet is nutritionally balanced so you can safely follow it until you reach your target weight.

If in the course of all this diet and exercise you seriously take up sport or training, once you've reached your goal, have a look at a book titled *Food For Sport* by Karen Inge and Peter Brukner (William Heinemann Australia, $12.95) for some sound advice in that area.

BASIC 6280 KILOJOULE-A-DAY DIET RULES

Every day:
One breakfast (if you can't face food first thing, have this meal whenever you like as a snack)
One light meal
One main meal
300ml skim milk to use in coffee and tea (take a carton to the office and keep it in the fridge or carry in a vacuum flask if you're "on the road" or work outside)

Four items from this list:
1 medium apple
1 small banana
2 small mandarins
1 medium orange
1 medium pear
25g dried apricots
90g black grapes
75g white grapes
1 large peach
100g cherries
2 medium plums
150g strawberries

Unlimited black coffee, lemon tea (low-kilojoule sweeteners only), water, and low-kilojoule soft drinks. Milk for coffee or tea comes from allowance above. As this is a low-fat diet, no butter is used unless specified in the meal plans. Avoid all sugar and fried foods.

BREAKFASTS — 1050 KILOJOULES EACH

Fruit juice, toast and marmalade: Have a 120ml glass of unsweetened apple, grapefruit or orange juice. Then toast two 25g slices of wholemeal bread and spread with 1 level tablespoon Weight Watchers' margarine and 1 level tablespoon marmalade or jam.

Cornflakes and toast: Serve 25g of cornflakes with 120ml skim milk and 1 rounded teaspoon sugar. Follow with a 25g slice wholemeal toast with 1 level teaspoon Weight Watchers' margarine.

Grapefruit plus bacon sandwich: Serve half a grapefruit and follow with a sandwich made from two 25g slices wholemeal bread, 1 well-grilled rasher of bacon, and 2 level tablespoons tomato sauce.

Fruit juice, poached egg on toast: Have 150ml unsweetened apple, grapefruit or orange juice. Then poach one 55g egg and serve on a 40g slice wholemeal toast. Top with 2 level teaspoons Weight Watchers' margarine.

Muesli: Serve 50g muesli with 120ml skim milk.

Fruit juice and porridge: First have 150ml unsweetened apple, grapefruit or orange juice. Make porridge from 25g hot oat cereal and 150ml skim milk. (Follow instructions on packet.) Serve with 1 rounded teaspoon honey or sugar.

Weet-Bix and banana: Slice 1 medium banana over 2 Weet-Bix. Serve with 120ml skim milk.

Shredded Wheat: Pour 150ml skim milk over 2 Shredded Wheat biscuits and sprinkle with 1 rounded teaspoon sugar.

(continued on page 94)

an act to follow

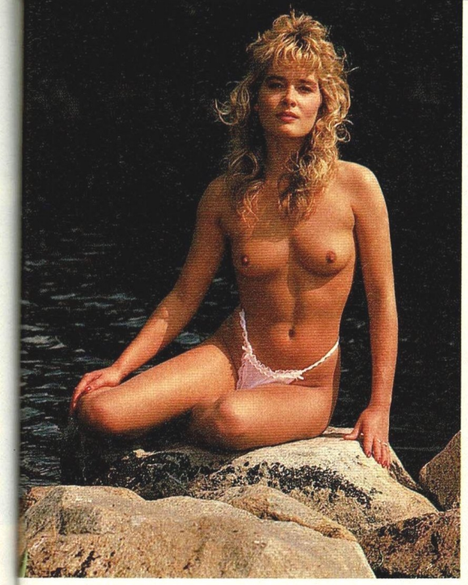
Katrine Michelsen is being hailed in Europe as the new Brigitte Bardot. She's our idea of a purr-fect sex kitten.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERTH SERNELIN

When lovely Katrine Michelsen decided to try her luck breaking into European films, she could hardly have even dreamed that Italian film directors would hail her as the new Brigitte Bardot. But now, with four Italian-made films to her credit, Katrine seems set for an important acting career. She has appeared in *La Bonne, La Tentazione, La Vedova Allegra* and *Spettri*. "And I've had offers from America," she tells us.

This deliciously pretty 21-year-old actress keeps her marvellous shape by going to the gym almost every day. "I even do exercises on film sets between takes," says Katrine. "Even though filming is hard work it can be quite sedentary just hanging around a studio, so I like to stretch, do push-ups, run on the spot, whatever turns me on."

Katrine admits she's very flattered by the comparisons to Brigitte Bardot. "Things like that could easily go to my head," she says. "But I think I'm a very practical girl and I know I'll have to work very hard to become as famous as Bardot. A lot of people think that being in movies is very easy. They just imagine we go to wild parties all the time and pose in beautiful clothes. It's not like that at all. By the end of a day's shooting, I'm about ready to collapse!" Alone, Katrine? "Well," she blushes, "not if I can help it! Bardot was known as the original sex kitten, you know!" Purr, purr!



KILLER-JOULES *(continued from page 86)*

If you use mixers with your spirits, remember to add those extra kilojoules.

Toast and Vegemite: Toast two 40g slices wholemeal bread and spread with 1 level tablespoon Weight Watchers' margarine and 2 level teaspoons Vegemite.

Fruit juice, All Bran and raisins: Begin with a 120ml glass of unsweetened apple, grapefruit or orange juice. Then have 50g All Bran with 1 level tablespoon raisins or sultanas and 120ml skim milk.

Sausage and baked beans: Grill one thin butcher's sausage. Heat a 130g can of baked beans in tomato sauce and serve with the sausage.

Scrambled egg and bacon: Using a non-stick pan, scramble a 55g egg with 1 level tablespoon skim milk. Grill 1 rasher of bacon. Serve the bacon and egg with a 25g slice wholemeal toast spread with 1 level teaspoon Weight Watchers' margarine.

Spaghetti on toast with bacon: Grill 1 rasher of bacon. Heat a 130g can of spaghetti in tomato sauce and serve with the bacon on a 25g slice wholemeal toast.

Special K and strawberries: Top 30g Special K with 60g strawberries and serve with 150ml skim milk and 1 rounded teaspoon sugar.

LUNCHES — 1470 KILOJOULES EACH (NOT INCLUDING BUSINESS LUNCHES)

(Remember you can use fruit from the list at the beginning to bulk out lunch if you wish.)

To be brought from home (safest for dieters)

Ham and tomato sandwich, fruit: Discard all visible fat from 40g lean ham. Spread two 40g slices wholemeal bread with 1 level tablespoon Weight Watchers' margarine and fill with the ham, topped with 1 sliced tomato. Follow with 1 medium apple or 1 small banana.

Sardine and olive sandwich, fruit: Combine 2 slices olives with 2 sardines canned in tomato sauce. Sandwich between two 40g slices wholemeal bread. Then have 125g grapes.

Tuna and cucumber sandwich, fruit: Mix 100g tuna canned in brine with 1 tablespoon low-kilojoule salad dressing. Make a sandwich using two 40g slices of wholemeal bread, the tuna and a few slices of cucumber. Follow with 1 medium pear or apple.

Stilton and celery roll, fruit: Combine 25g Stilton cheese with a finely chopped stick of celery. Mix with 25g cottage cheese with chives and 1 teaspoon low-kilojoule salad dressing. Fill a crusty brown or white roll with the mixture. Follow with 1 medium pear or apple.

Cheese and chutney roll, fruit: Split 1 crusty brown or white roll and spread with 1 level tablespoon mango chutney. Grate 30g cheddar cheese and use to fill roll. Follow with 1 medium apple or pear.

Sausage and potato roll, fruit: Grill 1 chipolata sausage well and slice thinly. Dice 40g cooked potato, chop 1 small spring onion or a few chives. Mix the potato and onion or chives with 1 level tablespoon low-kilojoule salad dressing. Fill a crusty brown or white roll with sausage slices and potato mixture. Follow with 1 medium banana or 1 large orange.

Cottage cheese and peanut sandwich, fruit: Roughly chop 1 level tablespoon dry-roasted peanuts. Mix with 50g cottage cheese and ½ level teaspoon Vegemite. Use to make a sandwich with two 40g slices wholemeal bread. Follow with 1 medium apple or banana.

Cheese spread, tomato and pickle sandwiches: Make 2 sandwiches using four 25g slices wholemeal bread, 25g cheese spread, 1 medium sliced tomato and 4 level teaspoons sweet pickle.

Egg and watercress sandwich, fruit: Hard-boil one 55g egg. Cool, shell and chop finely. Mix with 1 level tablespoon low-kilojoule salad dressing. Chop some watercress and stir into mixture. Make a sandwich with the egg mixture and two 40g slices wholemeal bread. Follow with 125g grapes.

If you buy your lunch, look for the following to combine with a piece of fruit:
1 salad roll
1 cheese and tomato roll
1 cottage cheese and pickle roll
1 ham and tomato roll
1 salmon and cucumber roll
1 beef sandwich
1 corned beef and pickle sandwich

DINNERS — 2500 KILOJOULES EACH

Club sandwich:
60g cooked chicken, skinned and chopped
1 level tablespoon low-kilojoule salad dressing
2 rashers bacon, grilled until crisp
1 small tomato, sliced
3x40g slices wholemeal bread, toasted
1 lettuce leaf, shredded

Mix the chicken with the salad dressing. Place the bacon and tomato on a slice of toast. Place another slice on top and cover with lettuce and chicken. Top with a slice of toast. Cut in half to serve.

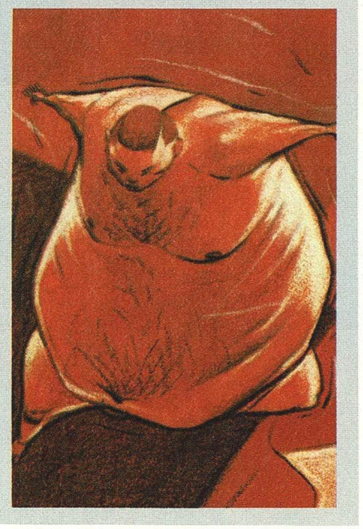
Stir-fried pork and vegetables:
30g brown or white long-grain rice
1 tablespoon cooking oil
150g lean pork fillet, trimmed of fat and diced
200g frozen stir-fry vegetables
1 teaspoon soy sauce
Salt and pepper

Boil the rice until tender. Drain. Heat the oil in a non-stick frying pan. Add the pork and stir-fry for 3 minutes. Add the vegetables and stir-fry for another 4 minutes. Add the rice and the soy sauce and season with salt and pepper to taste. Heat through and serve immediately.

What the scales should read

The weights for heights listed here are averages so you could vary from the given figure by as much as five kilos in either direction. It is meant only as a guide. You are the best judge of what is really right for you.

1.57m	*(5ft-2in)*	57kg	*(9st)*
1.60m	*(5ft-3in)*	59kg	*(9st-4lb)*
1.63m	*(5ft-4in)*	60.5kg	*(9st-7lb*
1.65m	*(5ft-5in)*	61.5kg	*(9st-10lb)*
1.68m	*(5ft-6in)*	63kg	*(9st-13lb)*
1.70m	*(5ft-7in)*	65kg	*(10st-3lb)*
1.73m	*(5ft-8in)*	67kg	*(10st-8lb)*
1.75m	*(5ft-9in)*	69kg	*(10st-12lb)*
1.78m	*(5ft-10in)*	71kg	*(11st-2lb)*
1.80m	*(5ft-11in)*	73kg	*(11st-7lb)*
1.83m	*(6ft)*	75kg	*(11st-11lb)*
1.85m	*(6ft-1in)*	76.5kg	*(12st-1lb)*
1.88m	*(6ft-2in)*	79kg	*(12st-6lb)*
1.90m	*(6ft-3in)*	81kg	*(12st-11lb)*
1.93m	*(6ft-4in)*	83.5kg	*(13-st-2lb)*



Liver and bacon with baked beans:
150g lamb's fry
¼ teaspoon oil
2 rashers bacon
¼ chicken stock cube
150ml boiling water
125g button mushrooms
1x220g can baked beans in tomato sauce

Brush the liver with the oil and place under a preheated grill for about 5 minutes or until cooked through, turning once. Meanwhile, grill the bacon until crisp. Crumble the stock cube into a saucepan containing the boiling water and poach the mushrooms over moderate heat for 5 minutes and drain. Heat the baked beans and serve with the liver, bacon and mushrooms.

Ham and pineapple:
180g ham steak
150g frozen broad beans
150g canned sweetcorn
1 ring pineapple canned in natural juice, drained
1 level teaspoon prepared mustard or 1 level tablespoon relish, any flavor

Grill the ham well. Boil the beans as directed; heat the sweetcorn. Serve the ham and vegetables with the pineapple and mustard.

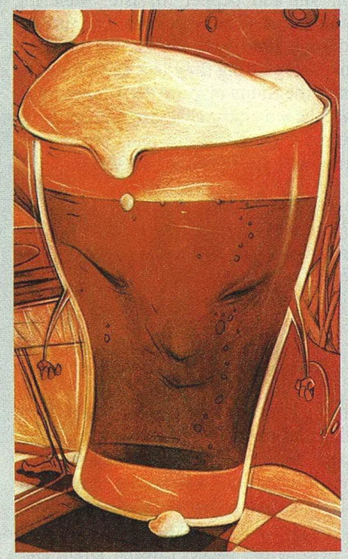
Chinese fried rice:
60g long-grain rice, brown or white
50g frozen peas
1 rasher bacon
1 egg, 55g
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
2 spring onions, chopped
1 teaspoon soy sauce

Cook the rice in boiling water until tender. Boil the peas for 5 minutes. Drain the rice and peas and set aside. Grill the bacon until crisp and break into small pieces. In a bowl, lightly beat the egg and season with salt and pepper to taste. Heat the oil in a non-stick frying pan. Add the spring onions and saute for 1 to 2 minutes. Add the egg and tilt the pan until the egg covers enough of the surface to make a small omelette. Leave until just set and then stir immediately to break into small pieces. Add the rice and stir-fry until heated through. Stir in the peas, bacon and soy sauce. Heat through and serve immediately.

Stir-fried beef with beans:
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
150g lean minced beef
200g frozen stir-fry vegetables
125g canned red kidney beans, drained
2 level teaspoons tomato sauce
Dash of Tabasco sauce
1 tablespoon water
Salt and pepper

Heat the oil in a non-stick frying pan. Add the beef and stir-fry for 2 minutes. Add the vegetables and stir-fry for another 4 minutes. Add the beans and stir-fry for 1 more minute. Mix the tomato sauce, Tabasco sauce and water in a small bowl. Stir into the pan and season with salt and pepper. Serve immediately.

The Drinking Man's Kilojoule Counter



BEERS (per 375ml)	**KJ/CAL**
Boags Lager	595/142
Carlsberg Export	567/135
Carlton Draught	546/130
Cascade Draught	518/124
Cooper's Sparkling Ale	595/142
Emu Bitter	466/111
Foster's Lager	518/124
Fourex Bitter	508/121
Fourex Draught	518/124
Heineken	438/105
Reschs Pilsener	490/117
Swan Lager	539/129
Toohey's Draught	497/119
Tooth KB	487/116
Victoria Bitter	553/132
West End Draught	494/118
STOUTS (per 375ml)	
Cooper's Best Extra	672/161
Guinness	823/196
Tooth Sheaf	690/165
LOW ALCOHOL BEERS (per 375ml)	
Carlton Light	441/105
Fourex Lite	368/88
Tooheys Lite	356/84
Tooth LA	319/76
WINES (per 150ml glass)	
Champagne	460/110
Dry red	398/95
Dry Sherry (per 50ml)	230/55
Dry white	398/95
Rose	419/100
Sweet red	502/120
Sweet white	565/135
Port (per 50ml)	314/75
LIQUEURS (per 25ml)	
Bailey's Irish Cream	272/65
Cointreau	356/85
Drambuie	356/85
Galliano	314/75
Grand Marnier	335/80
Tia Maria	314/75
SPIRITS (per 25ml)	
Brandy	209/50
Gin	209/50
Rum	209/50
Tequila	209/50
Vodka	209/50
Whisky (any type)	209/50
(If you use mixers with your spirits remember to add those extra kilojoules.	
MIXERS (per 180ml)	
Bitter Lemon	272/65
Coca-Cola	297/70
Diet Coke	0/0
Dry Ginger	147/35
Lemonade	205/49
Orange juice	301/72
Soda Water	0/0
Tomato Juice	164/39
Tonic Water	188/45

Nutritional research on Australian beer courtesy of School Of Food Science And Technology, University of NSW.

Lamb chop with jacket potato:
1x225g potato, scrubbed and pricked
125g carrots
125g cauliflower
1x175g lamb chump chop
1 teaspoon mint sauce or 1 level tablespoon tomato sauce

Bake the potato in its jacket in a preheated 200°C oven for about 1 hour or until soft when pinched. Cook the fresh vegetables in separate pans of boiling water until tender. Cook the chop under a preheated grill until well done, about 10 to 15 minutes.

Simple chicken risotto:
1 teaspoon vegetable oil
1 small onion, finely chopped
150g diced cooked chicken
60g long-grain white rice
175ml water
¼ chicken stock cube
Pinch dried thyme or mixed herbs
60g mushrooms, chopped
125g frozen mixed vegetables

Heat the oil in a medium saucepan and saute the onion. Add the rice, water, stock cube and thyme. Bring to the boil, cover the pan, reduce the heat and simmer gently for 15 minutes. Add the mushrooms, and the mixed vegetables together with the cooked chicken, reduce the heat and simmer gently for 10 minutes more.

Cheese omelette:
2 tomatoes, halved
2 eggs, 55g each
1 tablespoon water
30g cheddar cheese, grated
salt and pepper
15g butter
1x45g crusty brown or white roll
1 level teaspoon butter

Grill the tomatoes until tender. Meanwhile, beat the eggs lightly with the water in a

small bowl. Add half the cheese and season with salt and pepper to taste. Melt 15g butter in a small non-stick pan. Pour in eggs and cook until just set. As the omelette cooks, keep lifting the edges and tilting the pan so the runny mixture goes underneath. Place the remaining cheese in the centre and fold over. Serve with the tomatoes and roll spread with the remaining butter.

Cheesy fish and vegetables:
180g potatoes, weighed after peeling
3 tablespoons skim milk (optional)
Salt and pepper
180g white fish fillets
30g cheddar cheese, grated
1 level tablespoon low-kilojoule salad dressing
125g frozen peas

Boil the potatoes until tender. Mash with milk or leave whole. Season with salt and pepper. Grill the fish until it flakes easily when touched with a fork. Mix cheese and salad dressing together and spread over fish. Return to grill until mixture bubbles. Cook the peas as the packet directs. Drain and serve with fish and potatoes.

Rump steak:
1x200g potato, scubbed and pricked
1x180g rump or sirloin steak, trimmed of excess fat
2 tomatoes, halved
125g button mushrooms
1 level teaspoon prepared mustard

Bake the potato in its jacket in a preheated 200°C oven for about 1 hour or until soft when pinched. Grill the steak until at least medium. Add the tomatoes to the grill pan for the last 3-4 minutes of cooking. Poach the mushrooms in a little boiling salted water and drain. Serve the steak and vegetables with the mustard.

Chicken with jacket potato and corn:
1x200g potato, scrubbed and pricked
1x275g chicken leg joint
125g sweetcorn, frozen or canned
1 level tablespoon relish, any flavor

Bake the potato in its jacket in a preheated 200°C oven for about 1 hour or until soft when pinched. Bake the chicken joint in a small dish beside the potato for the last 30 minutes. Remove the skin from the chicken and discard. Cook the frozen sweetcorn according to packet instruction or heat if canned. Serve with the potato, chicken and relish.

Hamburger and baked beans:
1x125g hamburger
1x40g hamburger roll
1 rasher bacon
130g can baked beans in tomato sauce
1 level tablespoon tomato sauce

Grill the hamburger and bacon well. Split the roll and toast the cut sides. Heat the beans. Fill the roll with the hamburger and bacon and top with tomato sauce. Serve with baked beans.

Grilled fish and chips:
150g frozen griller chips or oven chips
175g white fish fillet
1 level teaspoon butter
125g frozen peas
1 level tablespoon relish, any flavor, or tomato sauce

Cook the chips according to packet instructions. Dot the fish with the butter and cook under a grill until it flakes easily when touched with a fork. Cook the peas in boiling water for 5 minutes and drain. Serve the fish and vegetables with relish or tomato sauce.

Sausages and mash:
200g potatoes, weighed after peeling
4 tablespoons skim milk
Salt and pepper
2 large sausages
125g frozen peas

Cook the potatoes in boiling water until tender. Drain and mash with the skim milk. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Meanwhile cook the sausages under a grill until well done. Cook the peas in boiling water for 5 minutes. Drain and serve with the sausages and mash.

Any of these dinners can be accompanied with a green salad made using as much as you like of any type of lettuce, cucumber, capsicum, raw mushrooms, spring onions, parsley and/or watercress. Toss with 1 tablespoon low-kilojoule salad dressing.

TWO DINNERS FOR TWO — AND SHE'LL NEVER KNOW SHE'S ON A DIET

Whichever main course you choose, start with a dozen raw oysters each, served on the shell accompanied only by lemon wedges and black pepper

Lamb parcels with baked potatoes:
2x225g potatoes, scrubbed and pricked
½ small green or red pepper, cored, seeded and diced
2 spring onions, chopped
50g button mushrooms, chopped
1 small carrot, grated
2 teaspoons soy sauce
Salt and pepper
1x300g boneless lamb leg steak, trimmed of excess fat and halved
225g green beans, fresh or frozen

Bake the potatoes in their jackets in a preheated 200°C oven for about 1 hour or until soft when pricked. Meanwhile, mix all the remaining vegetables except the beans in a bowl and stir in the soy sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Cut 2 squares of aluminium foil, each large enough to enclose half the meat and vegetables in a loose parcel. Divide half the vegetables between the foil squares and place a piece of lamb on top of each. Cover with the remaining vegetables. Wrap loosely, making sure that the edges are tightly sealed. Bake alongside the potatoes for 45 minutes. Cook the beans in boiling water until tender and serve with the lamb parcels and potatoes.

Chinese-style chicken breasts:
2x225g part-boned chicken breast halves
2 tablespoons light soy sauce
1 tablespoon clear honey
1 level teaspoon five spice powder
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
Salt and pepper
75g brown or white long-grain rice
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
225g frozen stir-fry vegetables

Make 3 deep cuts in the flesh of each chicken breast. Place in an ovenproof dish. In a bowl, mix together the soy sauce, honey, five spice powder and ginger. Add salt and pepper to taste. Spoon over chicken breasts and turn them over so they are completely coated in the marinade. Cover and refrigerate for 4 to 12 hours, turning once or twice. Bake in a preheated 180°C oven for 45 minutes. Meanwhile cook the rice in plenty of boiling water until tender. Drain and keep warm. Heat the oil in a non-stick frying pan, then stir-fry the frozen vegetables for 4 minutes. Serve with chicken breast and rice.

Follow your main course with a fresh fruit salad (use your daily fruit list as a guide to the fruits to choose) served with low-fat natural yogurt.

DINING OUT

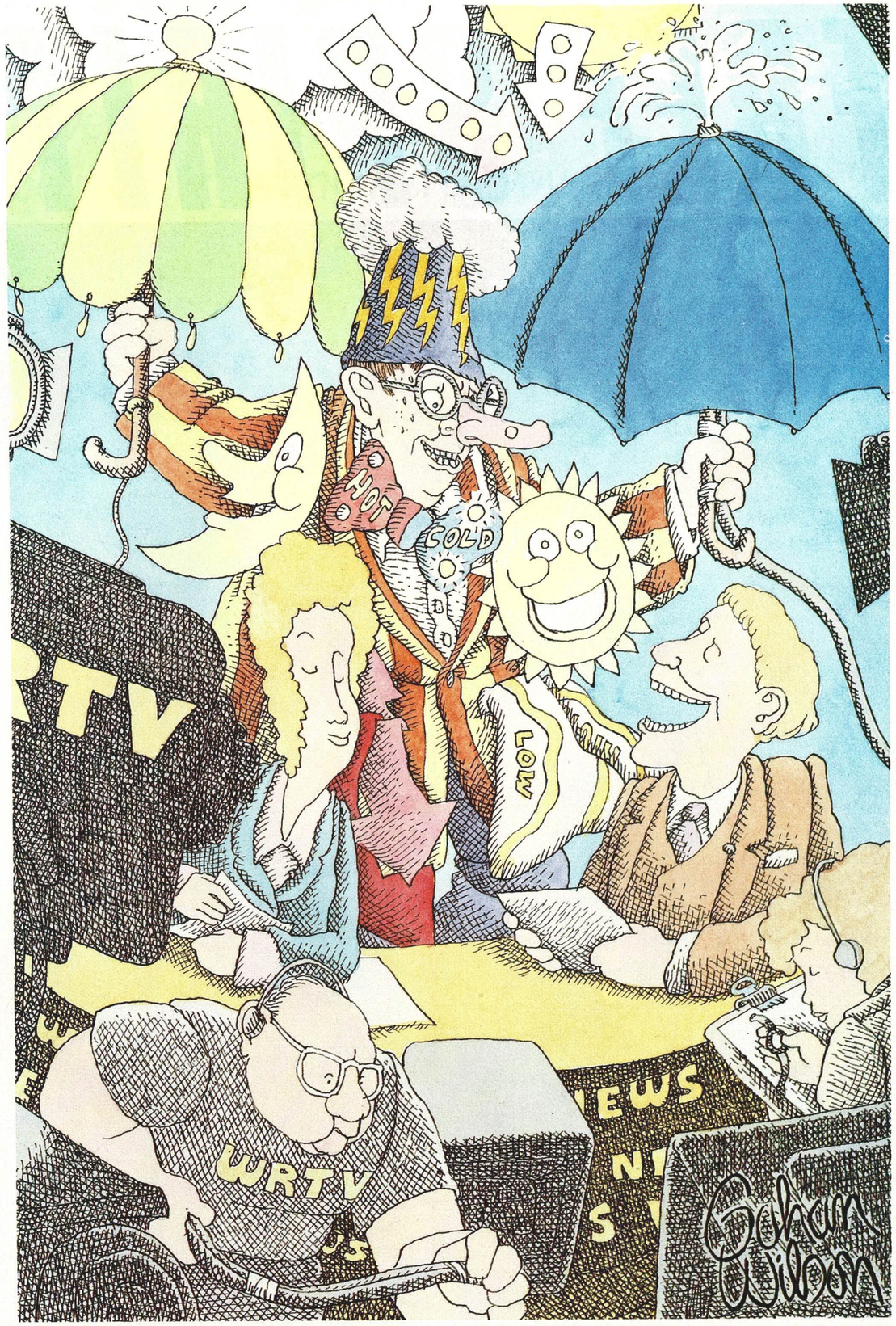
When you're eating in a restaurant, cultivate a new habit — ask how the food is prepared. Try to avoid anything that is fried or which has a creamy or buttery sauce. Some restaurants offer interesting salads which you could order as an entree. Below are some "safe" suggestions, but always remember it pays to ask.

Diet-wise entrees
consomme
natural oysters
marinated mushrooms
asparagus vinaigrette

Diet-wise main courses
grilled or poached fish or shellfish
calves' liver
roast chicken (remove skin)
175g grilled steak (trimmed of fat)

Diet-wise desserts
fresh fruit (no cream or ice cream)
sorbets
plain ice cream

If you're on the fast-food circuit, stick to a plain hamburger or a small (13cm diameter) pizza. Steer clear of chips or anything else that's deep-fried.



"We sure appreciate your doing all you can to make the weather interesting, Herb!"

FREE SPIRIT

Lovely Carmen Berg believes in doing it her way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

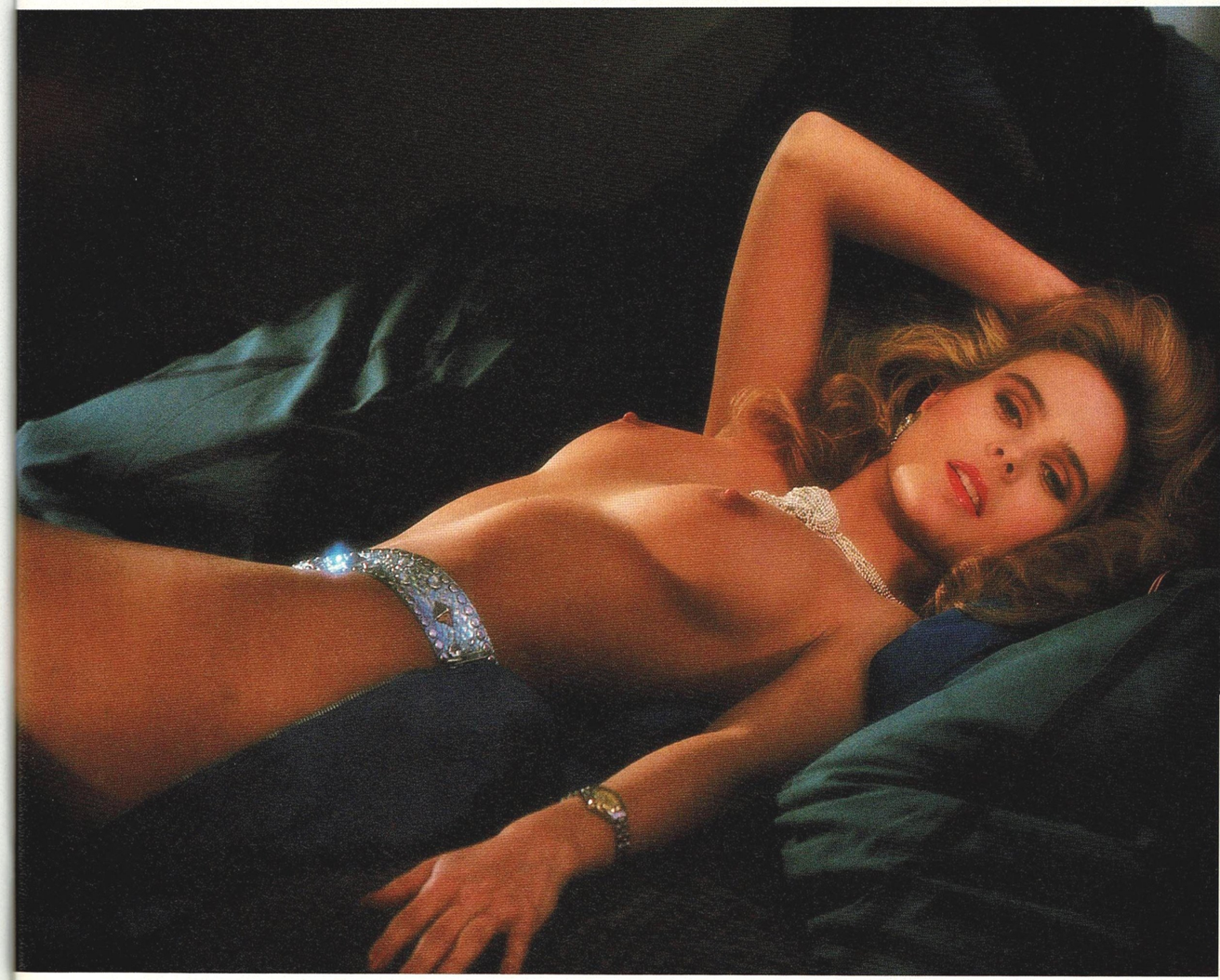
Beautiful Carmen Berg's father is an auctioneer and from the time she was five or six, he took her along when he went to do the fast talk to sell off someone's house or farm. "I think it would have made him happy if I'd become an auctioneer and followed in his footsteps," says Carmen. But she never learned to talk fast enough and instead set out at the age of 19 to seek her fortune as a model. Mr Berg's loss is our gain. Carmen is getting lots of work as a model and fills in any spare time by working as a gym instructor.

Carmen claims she still has many old-fashioned values. "I'm a strong catholic," she says, "and I know some people will say it's contradictory to say that I'm religious, that I believe in God, and here I am posing for PLAYBOY. The Church probably wouldn't favor posing nude, but I feel I have a close personal relationship with God and that He won't condemn me for doing this." Carmen also practises her religious beliefs in a practical way, volunteering time each week to work at a shelter for unmarried mothers. "I think a lot of those girls wouldn't be in that situation if they'd had more information about sex," she says.

"I guess if I could change one thing in my personality it'd be my shyness. I'm a loving person, but my shyness makes it difficult for me to express feelings sometimes, and I think that's held me back."

"I don't think pre-marital sex is wrong if there's love and commitment. People were falling in love and making commitments to each other long before marriage was invented."

Although she admits she's not a virgin, Carmen is choosy. "I'm totally monogamous by nature, so I tend to want long-term, committed relationships. When I marry I want to stay married for life, just like my parents who've been together for more than 40 years."



"I've admired the women in PLAYBOY since I was about 11 years old, and have always had a secret fantasy of someday being one of them. Now that it's happened I can hardly believe it."

TUTTI-FRUTTI *(continued from page 40)*

"I only left show business one time. I was in Australia and I saw Sputnik and I got afraid."

"Didn't Iraq bomb his home?" he half questions, blithely getting back to conversation.

The thought enters my mind that maybe World War III has broken out and I don't even know it. I'll spend the end of the world here with Little Richard in a hotel room! Religion might come in handy after all. Preach to me, Richard! The best of Reverend Ike and Tammy Bakker all rolled into one. Show me a sign!

"I only left show business one time," he states, unaware of my inner turmoil. "I was in Australia and I saw Sputnik and I got afraid. When I was quitting I was admitting I was scared of Sputnik. You know I came from the country, I'm not from the city, what a pity. I was scared to death to get back on the plane to come home. I was scared Sputnik would run into our plane, Russia done set this thing up. I had read about the Tower of Babel, you have to remember my people are Seventh Day Adventists, my people go to church on Saturdays. . ."

"Are you Jewish now?" I inquire, repeating published reports that Richard had followed in the footsteps of Sammy Davis Jr.

"That's something I prefer not saying," he teases mysteriously. "I will say this. I'm a believer in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I believe the Seventh Day Sabbath is God's way. I believe we should eat kosher. I was invited to a party night before last. It was at Rod Stewart's. But I didn't go to it because I open the Sabbath on Friday."

"How about the rumor that it was Bob Dylan who converted you to Judaism on your deathbed following the car accident?"

"Bob Dylan is my brother. I love him same as Bobby Darin [*deceased*] is my baby. I feel like Bob Dylan is my blood brother. I believe if I didn't have a place to stay Bob Dylan would buy me a house. He sat by my bed, he didn't move for hours. I was in pain that medicine couldn't stop. My tongue was cut out, all this torn up, bladder punctured. I was supposed to be dead. Six feet under. God resurrected me, that's the reason I have to tell the world about it."

"I wish you had been the Pope," I blurted out, all whipped up in a religious frenzy, throwing caution to the wind. Richard doesn't miss a beat and I wonder if he's already considered the possibility. "I idolised the Pope when I was a little boy," he says reverently. "I liked the pumps he wore. I think the Pope really dresses!" But there were other, more low-down ecclesiastical fashion casualties who seemed a bigger influence. "There was Prophet Jones out of Detroit — he used to walk on this carpet — they would spread this carpet out of the limo and he would walk on it. When I got famous I had the guys just spreading carpet for me to walk on and they would kiss my hand. . . and I used to live like that."

How about one of my personal favorites, Father Divine, the black messiah who ruled his fanatic flock of millions with an iron fist and blatantly proclaimed "I am God"? "I. . . [*tried*] to have dinner in one of his kingdoms in Philadelphia but the lady put me out. . . I just had on one of my typical outfits, my hair hanging down and she said, 'The Father don't allow nothing like that in here.' I felt bad 'cause I went there to eat, they had a good dinner, you could eat all you wanted for a dollar. I'll never forget it."

Finally I pop the question I'd been saving all night. "Did you ever speak in tongues?"

"No," he answered simply, bringing me back to earth with a thud. I was even hoping he had levitated. Just once.

It's time to go. The phone is ringing. *The Grand Ol' Opry. The Joan Rivers Show.* Richard is getting a headache. "What about the future?", I lamely ask, hoping for a few more minutes. "I was just offered a role with Gary Coleman. They wanted me to be his father. And they wanted me to weigh 140 kilos.He was to be a bad little boy like a demon. My management people thought it was not a good idea 'cause there wasn't no other name people in the cast. I'd like to play a detective. I can see myself playing something really rugged — macho!"

Little Richard starts growling and this tears Mark away from his silent TV program. He laughs out loud. "Mark, that ain't funny! He always laughs when I say macho. I can't be macho? Shoot, I'll be macho if I want."

Vainly trying to picture him calmed down, alone, reflecting or, God forbid, falling asleep, I ask, "What kind of music do *you* listen to?"

"I like classical music," he answers bashfully, "something quiet. Strings. It just makes me think, relaxes me. I've been doing that for years, but I was afraid to tell anyone. They might not like my music anymore."

Suddenly, all business, Richard rises and hands me a typed release. "This is something we give everybody. I'd appreciate it if you'd sign this here." Good Lord, what is this? I wonder, reading, "We agree you [*Little Richard*] shall have approval of the content of any article written hereunder predicated in whole or in part upon the interview."

"But, Richard," I splutter, mentally cursing *Jet Magazine* for causing his press paranoia, "I can't sign this: all freedom of the press is gone. If you had shown me this first, PLAYBOY would never have sent me."

"Why not?", he asks. "I don't want people to hate me. I saw Elizabeth Taylor do this, I've seen Michael do this."

I call information and get my editor's home phone number in Chicago and wake him up. I explain. Richard is adamant. "Can't you just leave?" my editor quizzes. "Is somebody going to pull a gun?"

"Who knows?" I say, eyeing Mark, who has politely backed up his boss, and wondering if maybe even *I* could beat him up.

"I'd rather you not print it at all, just leave the tapes, I'll pay you," announces Richard. Church is definitely out. "Oh great," I think, "I'm going to be in the first fist fight of my life with my favorite role-model ever over some god-damn tapes!"

Richard then debates my baffled editor. "John asked me about my peeping! I'm so old I can't even see through the hole!" Suddenly, I'm afraid I'll start laughing hysterically. Why is Little Richard so worried? All his fans love him for his outrageousness. The book was published in the last three years and remains the definitive source, *of course* reporters will talk about it. As for his religious followers, what are they doing reading PLAYBOY in the first place?

By now an hour or so has passed. Are all celebrity interviews this hellish? Would Barbara Walters bolt? I then argue with Little Richard's lawyer on the phone. Talk about putting a damper on things! Being over-budget and behind schedule on a filmshoot would be a picnic compared to this. Finally, both of us, under extreme duress, make up. Richard explains his worries. I explain my job. We hug. He signs his book to me, "God Always Cares, Little Richard." I think about how I usually sign mine, "See you in Hell, John Waters," and realise the miles we're apart. I stupidly leave him a copy of my new film script, even though there's not a shot in hell he'd play the part I had in mind for him. Mentally, I deduct the binder and Xerox bill from my income tax.

I rush out of the room and practically eat a pack of cigarettes. The world did end in its own peculiar way. Maybe I don't want to switch identities after all. A few days later a press representative calls me at home announcing Little Richard is threatening to call the NAACP (National Association For The Advancement Of Colored People). Later I hear he's calmed down. Richard is still the undisputed king in my book. The man can't help it. But from now on I'll think twice before meeting my idols. *Psssst*, Richard! Wanna see some naked pictures? Turn to the centrefold, but don't blame me.

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POWER (continued from page 58)

For creating sidewalk tremors, it rates off the top of the Richter scale.

of you who thought discs were "compact" and drums were something you found on an AC/DC track, you may be interested to know the EXA has a set of each. For those of you who don't need the techno-expo, it's sufficient to know discs each end are *de rigueur* these days, and that this rather ordinary combination still pulls you up faster than a highway patrol officer.

Translated into street-talk, all that techno guff simply means this — you can stop in plenty of time for the action, make a fast getaway, and drive down a windy road to shake off her ex-boyfriend.

More interesting is the styling. The points you notice are the points that count. Number one item is the detachable sportroof — two clip-out panels that make an instant sportscar out of an ordinary coupe. Hey presto — in a few seconds you have a pure drop-top, without the hassles of soft-top hoods, leaky seals and blow-your-bloody-head-off ventilation. No, sir, in the EXA you can wind the sideglass up and still hold an intimate semi-alfresco conversation at a hundred klicks an hour.

You'd better remember to take the panels with you because there are no vinyl clip-ins if the weather suddenly about-faces. And tie the panels down as Nissan failed to provide proper stowage and they'll clout you senseless if you hit something solid or suddenly stop.

You probably didn't notice the tailgate. After all, there are hundreds of tailgates around, and this one, if anything, is a bit funny-looking as it's squashed down to follow the turret line rather than taking a fastback line to the trailing edge.

You were *supposed* to notice the tail-gate. This is what the designers call a focal point. The idea is, you see, that the whole thing comes off, and gets replaced on demand with a station-wagon-style roof.

In theory, it's a great idea. In practice, two dedicated experts will take a half-day to unload the tailgate. And Nissan hasn't yet offered the wagon-top option. The idea is about 10 years old, is called "modular engineering", and Nissan was the first to get it into volume production. When fully developed, the idea is this pure-sporty car will double as a practical carry-all wagon. It still has a way to go.

The interior is the *piece de resistance*, a fitting complement to the exterior, and also terribly "cute". The dash area features integrated design — the dashboard, instrumentation, switchgear, steering wheel and centre console are all complementary and the whole console sweeps back, aircraft-style, to merge with the door panels.

In the course of achieving all that, Nissan stylists made some memorable achievements and boo-boos. Instruments are good (no *Star Wars* gimmickry), but switchgear is bad (Luke Skywalker pods jutting from the dash). The steering wheel is nice, but the ventilation system doesn't work in our climes (without air-conditioning, which is mandatory). The seating looks sensational, and mimics Recaro, the world's best, but it will quickly give you a pain in the bum.

But all of that is irrelevant to the main issue of appearance performance. And there it knows no peers at the price. For creating sidewalk tremors, it rates off the top of the Richter scale. Just ask our mate, or rather ex-mate, who independently tested it. "It pulls better than a 14-year-old," he declared, still trembling from the experience.

It was authentic, straight-off-the-street market research. A really tough day's work. He deserved a reward. So we bought him a beer. Or two. Or more. Got him drunk. Relieved him of that address book. . .

PARADISE (continued from page 76)

With careless aplomb she rips off her coconut shell bra and says, "Just alone? Is okay?"

of cold shower diets. You may find yourself further inside a Michener novel than you ever wanted to be.

In between those two extremes, a world awaits. Some locales, like the dazzling white atolls of the Tuamoto Archipelago (formations caused by the sinking of ancient volcanoes, leaving only flat, narrow rings of coral oceanfront on one side, sandy lagoon on the other), are so peacefully quiet, bougainvillaea threatens to silently swallow the narrow country lanes from both sides. Others, like the tropical mountains of the Society Islands, may be visited by cyclones powerful enough to rip the steeples off churches. But whether they are buzzy with night life, or so sleepy the largest crowd will be three drowsy folks standing outside a TV store (where the only tube on the island drones on in its blue light), certain tips pertain to them all.

How to avoid the tyranny of newlyweds 1: Dine out. Not only will you be out of sight of all those four-eyed monsters, but never will a solitary picnic taste so fine as in Polynesia, where you can pick up a tin of brie, fresh from France, and bite into its flesh as soft as the thigh of your high-school sweetheart. Grab a hunk of French bread that stays sweet all day as you bike around. The wine you select from the dusty back of a grocer's shop will taste better than the priciest bottle at the heart-shaped restaurant, because chances are it has rested more than six months in that spot and had time to lose the flat, acid taste it acquired from being jostled on its ocean crossing. In Papeete, after dark when all the honeymooners are safely tucked away, nothing beats a late-night snack at *les roulottes* (food stalls which magically appear on the docks at sundown and roast such wonders as fish in coconut milk on stand-up hibachis till 4 in the morning).

How to avoid the tyranny of newlyweds 2: Team up. This may sound like anathema, if you're like many Single Men who haven't wasted time talking to another male after 8pm since puberty. But lo, like Robinson Crusoe spying Friday's footprint, there may turn out to be advantages to having a male companion around.There he is at the bar, another Single Man taking comfort through a long straw. Eye each other as warily as muscle-bound wrestlers in a circus ring. But if you rediscover male bonding enough to pool your sonar, you can present a united front to any females who also happen to be doubling up.

One warning: Injuries abound in Polynesia. You and your mate can debate whether it's because new grooms are self-destructive by nature, or merely over-anxious to prove virility. The bottom line is every time one of those show-off husbands is carted off to the emergency clinic, your odds improve. . . so long as you don't get carted off, too.

If near the water you must go, by all means select a beach that has nasty little trigger fish patrolling its shoals, which may provide the spectacle of unsuspecting honeymooners leaping out of the waves.

Essentials to bring: Beach thongs (to fend off those trigger fish, also for wading on the coral), good sunglasses (the cheap variety can actually injure your eyes, tricking the pupils into opening unprotected in all that ultraviolet), sunscreen, decongestants (if you do a lot of diving and a lot of flying, the pressure changes will wreak havoc on your sinuses unless you stay half-tanked on antihistamines), and any medications of your choice except dysentery pills. Because think about it. You tote them along on your trips, right? And what are the odds of you actually getting the runs? More likely you'll bump into a beautiful air hostess on holiday whose husband has the runs; you'd feel honor bound to lend him your pills, and spoil a great set-up.

One last thing to bring: White clothes, which when worn after sundown, will enable you to take part in the firefly-like activity that takes place at the black-lighted nightclubs. What dancing you will do inside those places! The Polynesian dance of old (more wild-hipped than the Hawaiian variety) has been transformed to modern rock with beautifully undulating effect, and in the black light your partner and you will flash at each other like frenzied insects who have only this night to mate and die. In white jeans and pink pumps, your punked-out Gauguin girl will glimmer and glow with an attitude both suspicious and coquettish — that sly Gallic contribution to the history of love. Saucy and coy at the same time, she may even let you watch when, with a careless aplomb you will find nowhere else in the world, she rips off her coconut shell bra and says those magic words, "Just alone? Is okay?"

The payoff: On that note, we present an example of the true-life adventure that awaits the Single Man in this part of the world, the sort of escapade that pertains to him alone. There you are, probably the only unattached male in the sparkling South Seas. Let's say you're boarding yet another local flight, and let's say that someone named Mary Jane sits in the aisle seat across from you, and you strike up a conversation, and she is going to the next island while you're going two islands further, but she says she'll be going to your island in a few days, and she tells you where she'll be staying, and you watch her through the jumbo olive-sized window as she disembarks and she does *not* have a fiance waiting.

All right, skip three days. You are on a new island. You are dancing on a midnight cruise ship with a beautiful French-Tahitian native, and you've hurt your wrist going into dips the music seemed to call for. Over the music you have shouted your mock proposal of marriage and she has shouted back her mock acceptance, but now the ship has come to its dock and her big brother comes to pick her up. But wait, it's 2am and you're not sure, but isn't that the beach hotel where that woman you met on the plane said she'd be staying? So here is what you do in your gifted Single Man inebriation. Honed to hell, you go from bungalow to bungalow, rapping carefully with your bandaged hand on all the sliding glass doors, saying, "Mary Jane? Mary Jane?" This is Honeymoon Land, remember, and several of the male occupants of the bungalows are not overjoyed at your appearance at their doors in this state at 2am, but tough luck for them.

"Mary Jane?" you persist, from door to door. Lo, at one glass door *no* glowering male answers. Smoothly, with the warm breath of secret middle-of-the-night perfume wafting forth, the door slides open. "Mary Jane?" you ask. "No, Charlene, come inside," is the reply. And down you fall to the bed just inside the sliding glass door. So help you, it's just inside the door. . .

And when you exit, three hours later, puffy-lipped and with a stoop as though you'd aged 30 years, you still will not be sure who she was; the light was too dim. Was she the woman you met on the plane? Was she French? Italian? Is this even the right beach hotel? Does it matter? All you know is how beautiful the islands are, with bougainvillaea that swallows both sides of country lanes, and cyclones so powerful they rip church steeples to the ground, and strange languages tripping from trim mouths while the Milky Way speeds by under the clacking of palm leaves. . .

And there's another thing you know: your Single Man's sonar works like a charm, a charm you wouldn't trade for all the double hammocks in Paradise. Thereafter, when the sun goes down, and from inside all the bungalows emanates the sound of hair dryers, the sound of corks popping, some bride complaining about how thin the house wine is, some groom mangling *My Way*, you've got the whole glorious horizon to yourself, and who knows who might turn up to cast light upon your solitude. . . keep walking that beach with your bandaged finger, your Single Man's badge of courage. The search continues.

LOOK AT AIDS (continued from page 54)

AIDS may affect a relatively small portion of the population. Fear of AIDS affects everyone.

be either closet-gays or secret drug addicts — are lying about how they might have contracted AIDS. According to the report, of 102 men with AIDS who in previous interviews had claimed they got AIDS through sexual encounters with prostitutes, 24 who were still alive, located, and willing to talk, later admitted they had really become infected through gay sex or sharing needles. Three men who originally claimed they got AIDS from sleeping with Haitian women later admitted they were homosexual.

"The fact that the New York City Health Department reclassifies 39 percent [*112 out of 286*] of these cases," the report said, "strengthens the belief among clinicians and investigators that most, if not all, NIR [*no-identified risk*] patients probably have engaged in high-risk behavior." In other words, drug use or homosexual acts.

The conclusions of the New York Health Department report may well reflect the situation in other cities (particularly those cities in which homosexuality is less acceptable and where men are more likely to hide such encounters). Across the USA, there has been no meaningful increase in AIDS among the no-known-risk category, which was 1-to-2 percent of all cases five years ago and today is still only 1-to-2 percent.

Other statistics on AIDS, such as those being released by the armed forces, tend to be viewed sceptically by some researchers. When men test positive and are asked about their sexual encounters, the fact they may face disciplinary action or discharge for admitting to drug use or homosexual acts taints the statistics. Men may claim to have only had contact with prostitutes, which then tends to inflate the figures surrounding prostitution.

A recent study done at the El Paso County Health Department in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, indicated that, in fact, the controversial army study of 1985 that has been used to prove heterosexual AIDS transmission was seriously flawed. Dr John Muth, director of the Health Department, commented that the military statistics "are almost certainly wrong." According to the Colorado researchers, the armed services doctors who believe that only 23 percent of the military personnel who were infected with the AIDS virus engage in homosexual acts or intravenous drugs are wrong. The study claims the true proportion was 86 percent, which is comparable to past statistics on AIDS risk groups. John Potterat, director of the sexually transmitted disease control program for Colorado Springs, told UPI, "There's this idea that there's going to be this real flood of heterosexual cases and I don't think we're going to see that. Why panic the entire population when, in point of fact, the risk is very, very small?"

Dr Joyce I. Wallace of the Foundation For Research On Sexually Transmitted Diseases has conducted studies on 175 heterosexual men who frequent prostitutes and believes that "all sexually transmitted diseases are bidirectional". She said, "Please don't give your male readers a false sense of security," adding, "Not that AIDS is caught easily; it isn't." Her study found that five of 185 men who claimed no other risk factors than their many visits to prostitutes (two percent) contracted AIDS; but of the five, three were later reinterviewed and found to have engaged in high-risk activity. That left only two men (one percent) who were presumed by Dr Wallace to have been infected by the prostitutes.

In any case, lying about how the disease was contracted skews the statistics, making it seem as if there is a greater risk of getting AIDS through straight sex than there may really be. As the New York City Department of Health bulletin said in its special AIDS issue, "Despite the increasing magnitude of the AIDS epidemic since 1981, there has been no data to support new modes of transmission of human immunodeficiency virus since 1982."

New modes means heterosexual transmission.

"The proportion of cases not explained by blood transmission, needle sharing, or sexual exposure to semen" — that is, cases of possible heterosexual transmission — "has decreased over the period 1981–86."

The Health Department concluded it was "unable to prove female-to-male transmission".

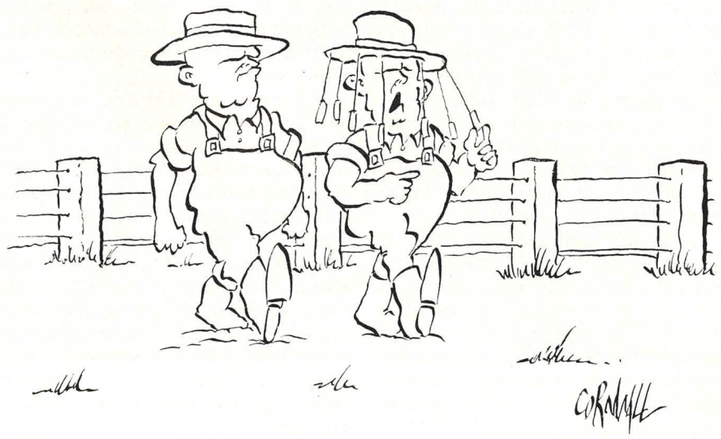
Other research bears that out. Frank Polk of Johns Hopkins University said in the December 13, 1985, issue of the *Journal Of The American Medical Association* that there was virtually no evidence to indicate significant female-to-male transmission of the AIDS virus.

The impression of heterosexual, female-to-male spread of AIDS so far has primarily rested on the stories of men — many of whom, like those in the New York City Department of Health report, may have something to hide. And anecdotal evidence is a poor basis for public policy.

None of this is meant to suggest that AIDS is not a serious threat to public health. Or that since the disease may not spread among straights as it has among gays, straights should not be concerned about the problem. Or that heterosexual men should be less concerned than heterosexual women. The problem is real.

But when the nature of the problem is exaggerated or mis-stated, other serious problems arise in the long term. Even among researchers who do not share the conclusions of Gallo and Sonnabend, there is a growing awareness that all the talk about epidemic has produced its own backlash.

Dr Tom Peterman, a medical epidemiologist in the AIDS Program at CDC, and director of the Centre's heterosexual-contact study, is among those who believe AIDS can be spread through all sexual acts, including fellatio, and that as a result, heterosexuals "need to take precautions". But even so, he said, "If you want to ask, do I think there are going to be millions of heterosexuals infected, the answer is no. Some people have the impression this epidemic is going to sweep through the heterosexual population the same way it did homosexual men and drug users. I don't think that's going to occur."



"I finally worked out what them tampon things are for."

To accept this idea, say some who fought hardest for public concern, is to risk the renewed neglect of the heterosexual community. Sonnabend disagrees.

"There is a misguided although well-intentioned attempt among homosexuals to convince the heterosexual public that it is equally at risk of getting AIDS," he said. "Some heterosexuals think this might remove the stigma associated with the disease and get popular support for the fight against AIDS. What many homosexuals don't understand is that, if AIDS *is* spreading among the general public, since it is perceived as having started among homosexuals, it could lead to a backlash of violence against homosexuals. Which is, in fact, happening."

Indeed, in Seattle, Washington, even before the current wave of AIDS hysteria, a gang armed with baseball bats roamed the streets attacking anyone they suspected of having AIDS with a ferocity that a local newspaper compared to Ku Klux Klan lynchings. And, even in New York City, which traditionally has been tolerant in its attitudes toward unconventional behavior — sexual, political, or otherwise — reports to the police about presumably AIDS-related violence towards gays have increased in one year by 100 percent. As *USA Today* reported in March, 1987, "Every month more and more cases of gays being attacked are reported. . . Many are attributed to 'AIDS backlash'." Thus, the civil rights of high-risk groups, which are among those who most recently became empowered, become more and more vulnerable to attack.

As to other long-term effects of AIDS hysteria, researchers are concerned about the psychological implications of a constant drumbeat of AIDS fear. "If you unnecessarily create panic," said Sonnabend, "it brutalises people emotionally as badly as beating them physically." And are the risks to all heterosexuals convincing enough to justify the dread that is being indoctrinated into an entire generation? How will that generation view its own sexuality? What idea of human sexuality will it pass along to the next generation?

Looking calmly at the research gives us a chance to catch our breath and to take an alternative view: That, as terrible as it is, AIDS may affect a relatively small portion of the population.

Fear of AIDS, on the other hand, affects everyone.

The real AIDS crisis is as much psychological as medical. The plague is a plague of fear and ignorance, which has the potential to wreak as much havoc as any disease. Exaggerating the risks of AIDS — for whatever reasons, even humane reasons: promoting funding for research, avoiding stigmatising gays — benefits no one.

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Finally there is re-sale value. This is where the Alfa 33 Boxer delivers one of its greatest surprises. In a recent Financial Review Survey (November 1986), Alfa Romeo was in an elite group in the lofty company of Porsche and Mercedes.

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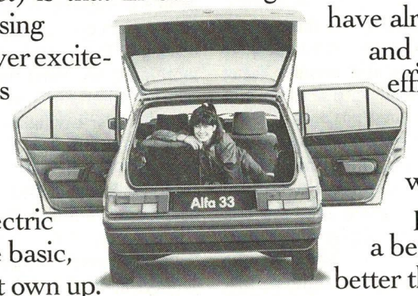
One persistent perception of Alfas (obviously not based on fact) is that in our uncompromising pursuit of driver excitement our cars tend to be a little on the basic side.

If front electric windows are basic, then we must own up.



The 5-door hatchback 2/3, 1/3 split rear seat configuration.

If ergonomically designed seats designed to provide comfort as well as support are basic, then blow the whistle.

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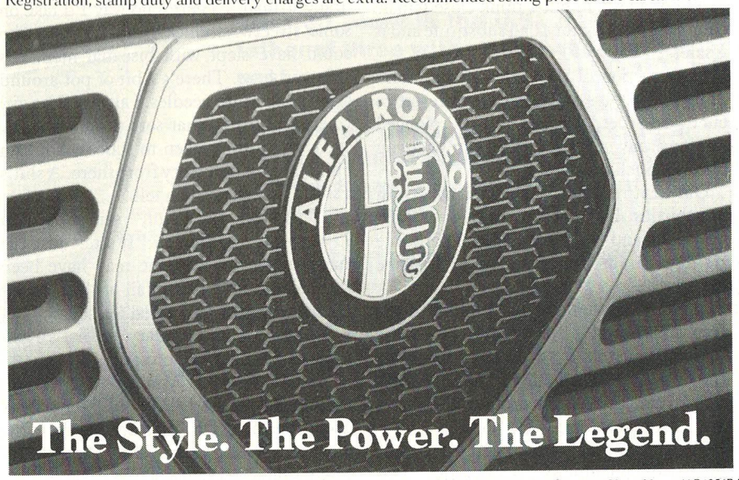
Combine all that with the engine of whose efficiency we have already boasted, and you'll find fuel efficiency is very basic indeed.

In fact, one would be hard-pressed to find a better-equipped, better thought-out car at any price.

All of this creates somewhat of an irony for the Alfa 33 Boxer. Because in addition to typical Alfa Romeo adjectives like exciting, exotic and exhilarating, we can now add one very un-Alfa-like adjective for the Boxer 33.

Practical.

*All features mentioned are standard within the recommended selling price. Registration, stamp duty and delivery charges are extra. Recommended selling price as at March 1987.



Lawrence Harop Vartan/AR1256R R

NIGHTLIFE *(continued from page 82)*

Some of the women present had solved their fear of AIDS by taking female partners.

PRIVATE PARTIES

A well-known identity in the Sydney fashion industry volunteered to speak to models and designers at a private dinner party in one of the city's salubrious harborside suburbs.

He opened the discussion by speaking generally about AIDS rather than posing specific questions to the men and women present. "Everyone agreed that the risk factor is largely determined by one's sexual attitude and modes of practice," he reported. "These people admitted that theirs was an industry at risk because the world of modelling is one in which hedonistic pleasures reign and sex is often used to massage egos. But it also doubles as a currency in payment for favors; whether or not you 'come across' could mean failure or success."

Sam, a 32-year-old Sydney model known for his promiscuity, declared to the assembled dinner guests that he would rather stop fucking than wear a condom. An hour later, when talking privately to our interviewer in the kitchen, he said, "Look, if a woman asks me to, I'm not going to refuse to wear a condom if it means missing out on a fuck. But when you use one of those things, sex just becomes a matter of getting it off. You can't have fun. You know, fuck a little, suck a little, fuck some more."

As more wine flowed and the dinner-table conversation loosened up, it was revealed that some of the women present had solved their fear of AIDS by taking female partners. "Sometimes you just crave intimate physical contact rather than sex," said Andrea, a 27-year-old make-up artist. "I'm not a lesbian but I think close female companionship is not a bad substitute and it *is* safer."

The reaction of the males at the table? "Maybe we guys will just have to resort to our own devices," laughed Sam. "Prolonged wanking may be boring but it can't get you into too much trouble."

Our next reporter, a female journalist in her thirties, brought up the subject with neighbors and friends at a casual barbecue get-together at her house in a Brisbane suburb.

"People out here in the suburbs don't even think about it," said Sarah, a 23-year-old dental nurse. "It's a disease that junkies and fags get. Why should it affect us? Sure, people out here sleep around a bit but there's nothing weird going on."

"I don't agree," interrupted Katrina, a 26-year-old unemployed layout artist. "I've just moved back home with my parents. I've been living in the city, mixing with a lot of people in theatre. A lot of my friends are artists, dancers, actors. Many of them are bisexual. They admit to it. There's a lot more anal sex being practised than you'd realise. Who knows what goes on behind closed doors? Living in a safe, middle-class suburb is no automatic guarantee of safety. I feel sorry for the women. Their husbands could be bisexual and chances are they'd never know. Until maybe they got infected, that is."

"Maybe people are going to use AIDS to get back at other people. That's what scares me," commented Diana, a 26-year-old beautician. "There's this story I heard about a guy who picked up a girl at a really swish nightclub and took her home and fucked her for hours. Next morning he woke and she was gone but she'd left a message lipsticked on the bathroom mirror: WELCOME TO THE AIDS BRIGADE. He went and had a test and, yeah, he had AIDS. I reckon that's murder! I'm always going to make my partners use condoms."

Michael, a 25-year-old architect's assistant, said: "C'mon, *everyone's* concerned about AIDS. Everyone jokes about it, because if you're not going to joke about it, the alternative is to live in fear. There's a lot of hype in the press, and you wonder about the legitimacy of it all. Nevertheless, I'm scared. But I think it's going to take a few years until AIDS really hits home. People aren't exactly dropping like flies from the disease, you know. When there's an AIDS victim in your family or circle of friends, that's when it becomes real."

"I'm only interested in girls from the suburbs," chimed in Gary, a 27-year-old draughtsman. "There's no way I'd take on some streetwise chick from the city who could have slept with bisexual men. It's safer out here. There's a bit of pot around but no one's into needles. I always ask a girl where she lives, what sort of job she has, even where she's been to school. You can build up a bit of history from there. A slut's a slut. I reckon you can tell."

"That's not the point," said Louise, a 25-year-old hairdresser. "It's not just the girl herself. It's who she may have been with. You can't suss out all of that just by asking a few standard social questions."

"Jesus!" exclaimed Gary. "What's a guy supposed to do? Give up sex?"

"Use a condom. Minimise the risks," continued Louise. "My brother's best friend died of AIDS. He'd been living in the States for a few years. We all knew him. There's no way I'd take a chance on it."

Louise was one of the very few people questioned who had had any immediate contact with the disease. She had read every piece of literature, every press report she could get her hands on. "People must be more concerned about the partners of their partners than their actual partners," she concluded. "No matter how much you like sex, you shouldn't be willing to die for it."

BEACH HANG-OUTS

During a major surf carnival at a Victorian beach, our young male interviewer mixed with a group of attractive, well-dressed women in their twenties who were down from Melbourne for the weekend. The comments of Jane, a 21-year-old legal secretary, were typical of the group: "Yes, I'm worried about AIDS. I think that anyone who has casual sex should be. I carry condoms with me and I've asked a few guys to use them. They were cool about it. I pretended I wasn't on the Pill and I was scared of getting pregnant. That seems to be a better approach then to admit a fear of AIDS. I try to talk to a guy first about his sexual behavior. You know, whether he has casual sex very often, stuff like that. Frankly, I don't like the idea of one-night stands. And that's not just because I'm scared of AIDS. I have moral reservations about casual sex."

At the same carnival, Luke, a 22-year-old shop assistant, said: "I'm not worried. I'm no poof, I've never had anal sex, and I don't see why I should be concerned about AIDS. I'm sick to death of hearing about it. If you ask me, it's a good way of getting rid of homosexuals. Condoms? No, I don't use them but if a girl wanted me to put one on, I would. I don't have any real objections to wearing them but I wouldn't initiate the matter. Yeah, I have casual sex but I suss out the girl first. Some girls are obvious sluts. I wouldn't sleep with them for a variety of reasons apart from being worried about catching something."

Our interviewer moved north to a well-known hotel at the beach on Sydney's northern beaches peninsula. Three guys in their early twenties were well into a beer-drinking session that was set to last all afternoon. They planned to stay on for the disco that night in the hope of meeting some girls. "Everyone who's single has to be concerned about AIDS," said Mike, a 20-year-old panel beater. "There's been a story around the pub here about the Lipstick Lady. She's got AIDS and she's been deliberately sleeping with lots of guys so she can pass it on. Boy, when you hear something like that, you've *got* to be careful!"

His mate, Brendan, a 19-year-old mechanic, made snorts of disagreement all the way through Mike's answer. "If you're about to make love to a woman, AIDS is the last thing on your mind," he said. "Lust is a pretty powerful thing. And as for asking a girl about her past, well, if you can ask a female about her sexual experiences for the past six years and demand she tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth and then still get her into bed after that, well, I want to shake your hand, mate!"

The third bloke in the group, Simon, a 23-year-old electrician, refused to take the interview session seriously. "You've got to have had sex to have AIDS," he guffawed. "Hell, is this that new candid camera show? There's some guys over there with a camera in the bushes, right?"

A second interviewer haunted beach hang-outs over several successive days to file his report. He started out by questioning Mark, a good-looking 19-year-old student, at a beachside RSL club. "Fuck, yeah, I'm worried. I did a bad act about three weeks ago which I regret. I slept with this girl called the Bag Emptier. Now I've heard all this shit about AIDS and I'm stressing out about it. Gee, there may be a 10 percent chance I've got it, I guess."

At the same venue, our reporter spoke to Scott, a 28-year-old laborer, who openly admitted he was getting a lot less adventurous as the years pass. "Yes, I'm concerned about AIDS but I don't carry condoms. I wouldn't mind putting one on if a girl asked. I don't often pick up girls but, well, if I've been celibate for a while and I've had a bit to drink, anything can happen. I think girls are less likely to get into that situation — they don't get as carried away by the heat of the moment. And they seem to be the ones with the condoms. My mates reckon a lot of the girls they pick up have condoms in their handbags. Sort of like Girl Guides, I suppose — prepared for anything. They can always pretend it's for contraception if they don't want the bloke to get angry. Women have always taken the initiative with contraception and maybe it's the same with protection for AIDS."

"I think guys are hard up and wanna have sex," said Cathy, a 20-year-old accounts clerk who appeared to be on first-name terms with most of the males at the club. "And a lot of girls won't care. What are you gonna do? Ask a guy if he has a doctor's note? Guys want to get laid and none of them are going to admit to having AIDS."

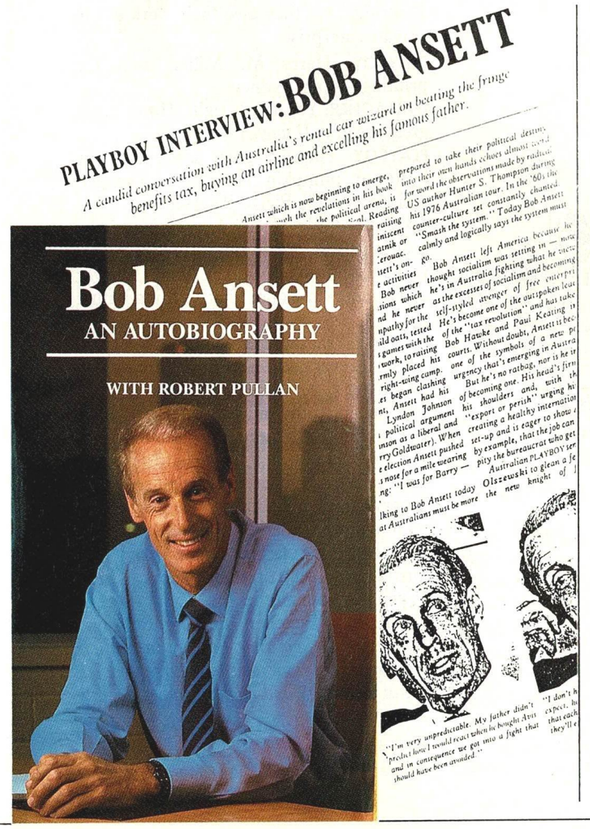
The consensus? Leave the buying and carrying of condoms up to the women. Yes, exercise some caution, but if there's a girl to be picked up and you're in the mood for it, then don't hold back. That attitude may prevail but many of the men who had been sleeping around were worried that they might have picked up something. Of the dozens of males questioned at surf hang-outs, more than half took our interviewers aside and asked for details of where they could get an AIDS test. The condom-carrying women were not only better informed about the disease, but knew exactly where to go to get tested.

•

One of our reporters followed up his copy with a telephone call to our office. He'd been prowling around clubs for a week with his tape recorder, hoping for a solid hour of good, gutsy comment. Tired of the whole procedure, he accepted a friend's dinner party invitation, threw his tape recorder into the bottom drawer of his desk, and took off for a relaxing evening.

"Would you *believe* it?" he asked us. "Everyone there was talking about AIDS. We started off talking about sport and stuff and then, suddenly out of nowhere, everyone was arguing about AIDS testing, about how you could get it, about whether or not gays who have the disease should be quarantined. All hell was breaking loose and I didn't have the damned recorder! I heard that lipstick-on-the-mirror story again... twice! I've since found out the same story's been circulating around Adelaide and Perth too. It's an urban myth — an expression of people's deepest fears."

That myth is also a perfect illustration of the way things stand right now for heterosexuals everywhere and their fear of AIDS. They may be nervous, they may be scared, but the vast majority of them lead lives untouched by the disease. They have to make up strange, quirky stories to feel some connection to the deadly illness which has already claimed 30,000 lives in the USA and some 250 in Australia. We guess that all we can do is hope things stay that way, that we never reach a time when we all have true stories of our own to tell.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GALLAGHER (continued from page 36)

The biggest crime we have today is the drug question and the jails are just not built to cope.

GALLAGHER: In a sense, yes. I believe that people have got to work hard and give all that they've got. But I'm a fair person. I don't overdo it, but I do have rules, I have discipline, and I don't allow anyone to break that discipline or break those rules.

PLAYBOY: What do you do if another unionist wants to topple you? Do you remove him from the scene?

GALLAGHER: No, no. I've always said: "Look, if you can do a better job than me, have a go." And I've always taken an attitude that everyone's got a right to have a go. As far as I'm concerned, if you're a member of the union you have the same rights as me or anybody else to stand for a position in the union.

PLAYBOY: Your hard work, guts and disciplinarian attitude are interesting. After all, any taxi driver will tell you that Norm Gallagher and the BLF are just a pack of bludgers setting up a structure to dodge hard work.

GALLAGHER: A fair percentage of taxi drivers are my ex-members. As far as I'm concerned, work is life's discipline. And this is one of the things which worries me about young people — they'll never actually experience work and they just don't have that discipline. I've always believed people who work, very seldom get into serious trouble.

I believe it's so important in a person's early life to get into that discipline of getting out of bed early of a morning, to go to work and have some supervision or whatever. That's the foundation of a strong nation.

PLAYBOY: So you believe in the dignity of hard work? You're not just an airy-fairy commie?

GALLAGHER: That's right. The image you've just mentioned is what people have tried to make me out to be without knowing me. But unless we get them young people into work and give 'em that discipline, I hate to think what society's going to be like in another 20 years.

PLAYBOY: When you went to prison, weren't you greatly disturbed by what you saw and experienced?

GALLAGHER: The problem with the jail system today is that it's about 10 years outdated. Those jails were built to cope with crime 100 years ago. The biggest crime we have today is the drug question and the jails are just not built to cope with that problem. You need a hospital jail, somewhere they can be treated, some understanding of their problem, rather than being thrown in with hardened criminals. Especially the young kids who get affected by drugs. I was put in a cell with a young kid. He was probably only about 18 and he hadn't committed serious crimes. But what he had done was caused by drugs and he was tryin' so hard to rehabilitate himself. He really wanted help. He even wrote to the newspapers to see if he could get advice from them. They're calling out for bloody help and assistance, and they don't get it in that environment. That was the thing that really got me in prison. Young kids, you know. They leave them out in the bloody yard all day. They won't give 'em a job because it's too much of a problem to organise one. I've always shown an interest in prison reform, and I only hope there is a change in the jails for good. They've got to get away from these bloody concepts. Our jail system was built on the British experience of dungeons. At Pentridge there's cells all underneath the ground — they've filled them in now, but that's what it was. No doubt money is a problem from the point of view of building new institutions. But what is quite apparent is that present-day jails are not suited to present-day crimes. I remember when I was in Pentridge in 1970 over a conservation issue. I did 14 days over that issue. Well back then they used to have a bloody good farm out at Pentridge where vegetables could be grown, things like that. Not today. Even the bloody industries at Pentridge are falling apart. The government's got a good printing and book-binding shop out at Pentridge, yet they give their work out to private enterprise.

PLAYBOY: Harry M. Miller used the printing shop in Sydney.

GALLAGHER: Yes, that's right. Harry made great use of it. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You're a great admirer of the butternut pumpkin. Have you exchanged recipes with Flo Bjelke-Petersen?

GALLAGHER: No, though I must admit I like a Queensland butternut — they're just a very nice pumpkin. I don't think I've ever had a pumpkin scone. That's a thing I must try.

PLAYBOY: You should get in touch with Flo. Have you ever had dealings with Joh?

GALLAGHER: No, I don't think we'd have anything in common, except that I think he's probably a person who, from his point of view, has put in a lot of hard hours. I don't take his political run all that seriously either. I think it's all a sign for Peacock to get into power. That's what it's all about.

PLAYBOY: One last question from the Australian PLAYBOY fashion editors. Where do you buy your clothes?

GALLAGHER: Fletcher Jones or Solways. [*Solways is a long-time Fitzroy institution which sells clothes for unusually large men. Its slogan is: "High and mighty clothes for tall and big men."*]

"That's odd, I could have sworn I heard my beeper."

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

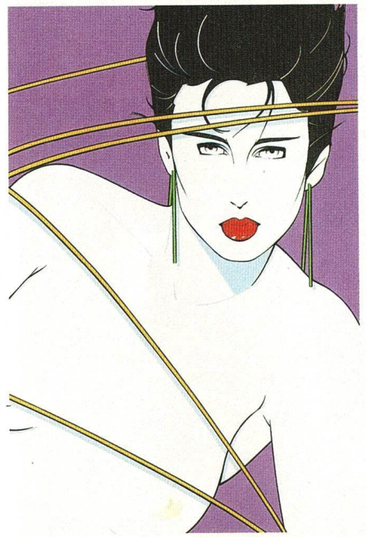
Please tell me if these strange desires I have are okay. I have been happily married for a year and we have a great sex life. My husband's rather shy and inexperienced and he's now really getting into sex and becoming much less inhibited, which is great.

But sometimes when we are making love he pins my arms above my head so I am forced to just lie there while he nibbles my breasts or does something else that I love. It drives me crazy. I just adore the feeling he's in control, and I am at his mercy. I get the same feeling when he is really masterful, pushing me into position or using his knee to push my legs apart. It really surprises me that I respond this way because normally I hate macho guys and what really attracted me to my husband was his sensitivity. I even find myself wondering if I could persuade him to tie me up or something but I think that would really freak him out. Do you think it's odd, Bettina, that I seem to have this desire to be dominated in bed when I'd hate it if he was to act heavy with me out of the cot?

— E.G., NSW.

I have known many independent, liberated women who find it very arousing to have a man take control in bed. In fact, when you are an independent woman who is used to being in control in other aspects of life, I suspect you really need that loss of control to let yourself relax into the total indulgence required to fully respond. The issue of control is a very interesting one in terms of female sexual response. For a long time sex therapists felt it was important to give women *more* control in sex so they could be the ones to determine the type of stimulation they would receive. Women were instructed to teach men how to touch them, to get into a position where they could control the movement and so on. This is often necessary when a woman is learning to climax, but I do feel there is a second stage in this learning process. If a woman wants to respond more fully, she then has to learn to hand over that control to her man so she is focusing just on the sensations in *her* body rather than on orchestrating the proceedings. I suspect many women don't learn to respond vaginally until they are willing to let go in this way. As I said, this is a controversial issue and there are many therapists who would disagree with this idea. I'd be interested in hearing from readers, particularly women, about your experiences. Do you respond more easily when you feel you are in control of the stimulation you receive, or when you just let go and allow a man to take over?

There is something very natural about a woman enjoying an element of domination in bed, particularly when she knows and trusts the man to be sensitive to her needs. (This is quite a different thing from the guy who believes he knows what she wants and just ploughs on, assuming what he likes is what she likes.) I think you should certainly tell your husband that you love it when he does throw in a bit of the caveman. And perhaps you could just happen to have a nice soft sash or scarf lying around one day which, on the spur of the moment, you could suggest he uses to tie your hands above your head so he can gently torment you. I think this type of thing is just great when it appears to happen spontaneously.



When I try to have sexual intercourse with my girlfriend I am physically unable to penetrate, which I find very frustrating and so does she. She isn't a midget (although she's not big), but I wouldn't call myself hugely endowed. How can I solve this problem? I feel very inadequate and even though we don't talk about it, I know she doesn't like the present situation. Would it make any difference her being a virgin?

— G.W., WA.

The problem you describe is usually associated with first intercourse. The reason you are having difficulty is most likely to be vaginismus, which involves an involuntary spasm of the muscles surrounding the vagina. The response is similar to the way we blink when someone tries to poke us in the eye but this time it's the vaginal muscles which automatically clamp shut to protect the vagina. This usually happens when a woman is afraid of intercourse. . . she fears it is going to hurt her, she is worried about becoming pregnant, she's not sure she wants to lose her virginity. Whatever the reason, the result is muscle tension, and sometimes a spasm of the vaginal muscles so strong it is impossible to penetrate. This is naturally a very distressing and frustrating experience, both for the woman and for her partner. I'm not surprised you are having difficulty talking to her about what is happening. I'm sure both of you are feeling incredibly inadequate and that makes it hard to broach the subject. But vaginismus is a very simple problem to treat. It is important to find out what is causing your girlfriend to be afraid of sex and try to rectify the situation. Try to persuade her to go with you to consult a sex therapist. (The Family Planning Association of Western Australia can recommend an appropriate person for you to see.) A therapist would continue this process of exploring what underlies her fear, as well as teaching her to relax and control the muscles. Most women with this problem very quickly learn to experience penetration without fear, so reassure your girlfriend that she can be helped. The sooner you take action the better. The present situation is very damaging to your relationship and your self-esteem.

I am 30 years old, single and have a big hang-up about premature ejaculation. When I make love, and after my penis enters the vagina, I ejaculate within a matter of seconds, which makes me very frustrated and I know my partner doesn't enjoy it either. I find it very hard to get an erection again after intercourse. Most of the time it is impossible. I have been unable to keep a steady relationship going because of these problems so I was hoping you might be able to help me. I would like to get married and have children, but I feel that would be impossible with my problem.

— E.W., Qld.

Lack of ejaculation control can be a difficult problem to overcome when you don't have a regular partner. What you need most of all is a sympathetic lover who is willing to help you learn to relax and experiment with delaying ejaculation. It is something which takes practice and most young men have experienced this problem at some time. Sex is still new to you and you are constantly finding yourself making love to someone you don't know very well. This makes the experience both exciting and anxiety-provoking — two factors which decrease your chances of calming down and tuning into what's happening to your body.

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Awareness of bodily sensations is the essence of gaining ejaculation control. You need to learn to monitor your level of arousal and particularly to identify the crucial warning signals of an impending orgasm. Once you have learnt to do this, there are various techniques you can use to train yourself to delay the orgasm and last longer. I suggest you read *How To Last Longer And Other Sexual Solutions* by Michael Castleman (Souvenir Press, 1980). You may also like to look at *Any Man Can* by William Hartman and Marilyn Fithian (Angus and Robertson, 1985). This book, essentially designed to teach men to have multiple orgasms, has detailed advice on how men can teach themselves to delay ejaculation.

But, in the end, what is going to help you most is learning to relax with a woman and to do this you have to be honest with her about your problem. Let me assure you that from the female point of view there is nothing worse than being with a guy with a problem who is pretending nothing is wrong — whether it is climaxing too quickly or not getting it up. A woman knows perfectly well he is agonising over what's happening to him yet it is very hard for her to help him unless he is willing to talk about it. I do feel most women are sympathetic in such circumstances, but I'd love to hear male comments on this subject. How do women react when you confess to having a problem? Are they willing to help?

It is tough when a man pretends nothing has happened and turns over and goes to sleep. Naturally women feel frustrated in these circumstances, and angry that their man has made no further attempt to satisfy them. When you are with a new partner you should tell her you tend to climax quickly when you are with an exciting woman. Then if it does happen, you should try to relax. Keep making love to her through touching, kissing, whatever you like. There are plenty of ways to give a woman pleasure other than through intercourse and if you concentrate on doing this, you may find you can relax enough to gain a second erection in a reasonable period of time and go on to have intercourse again. This approach is far more likely to encourage her to experiment with helping you learn to slow down.

At 41, I've had a fairly good sex life and have been married for 20 years. Over the past year I have developed a physical problem which is causing psychological blocks including bouts of impotency. My penis has a 45 degree bend to the left. I also discovered a large lump in the glans and panicked thinking it was cancer. I was ready to load my gun to end it all. What my doctor told me was almost equally devastating. He said, "You have Peyronie's disease. There is no apparent cause or cure." I don't want my sex life to end just yet. Can you help? I read somewhere years ago there were types of vitamins that could help to cure this complaint. I have been smoking and

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drinking heavily, and everything seems to be going downhill.

—F.H., WA.

Your doctor seems to have done his best to depress you still further over what was already a distressing condition. Peyronie's disease is a mystery; it can occur in any man from 20 to 80, but it is most common in males between the ages of 40 and 55. As I assume the doctor told you, it involves plaque developing in the penis, usually in the shaft but in your case on the glans. This plaque prevents blood flowing evenly throughout the penis and causes the erection to bend or twist. The good news is that frequently the problem will simply disappear as somehow the plaque just dissolves. So that's something to hope for. But in the meantime there certainly are treatments which could be tried: vitamin E and a drug called Potaba are sometimes effective. Steroids and radiation are also used, admittedly with limited success. But it is worth seeking a second opinion from a specialist experienced in treating this problem. In Perth I suggest you contact Dr Michael Clarke of the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists at 288A West Coast Highway, Scarborough, WA 6019 for an appropriate person to see.

Also, I have just read a comment by an American urologist (Dr Arnold B. Rubenstein, from Clayton General Hospital in Riverdale, Georgia), describing how he has successfully treated Peyronie's disease by surgically inserting prostheses. By putting a prosthesis in the right place, it is possible to straighten out the penis. Perhaps you could mention this possibility to the specialist.

Finally, I do suggest you try to stop smoking. I know it is hard to when you are under so much stress but it may well be contributing to your impotency problem and making it even more difficult for you to return to normal functioning. Heavy drinking may have the same effect.

EAST TEACHES WEST

I recently attended a course on oriental sexuality given by one of the experts in the field, Alex Gross. Many of the techniques therapists are now teaching to help men and women increase their sexual enjoyment have their origins in ancient Chinese sexual customs.

- *The urethral pressure point:* This is situated in the perineum, the area behind the scrotum, between the scrotum and the anus. The right amount of upward pressure on this area, at the moment just before a climax, can prevent orgasm. It takes trial and error to learn just when to apply the pressure and how firmly to press but it does work and the Chinese used it many centuries ago. (It is called *huiyin* in its role as a Chinese acupoint.)
- *The twined cranes position:* This involves the man sitting upright with his legs crossed in front of him. The woman then sits in his lap, her bottom resting against his legs, with her legs encircling his waist, and their arms around each other. The twined cranes position discourages male climax by pinning his thighs and pelvic area so sensation is centred on the penis. Also recommended by Gross was the scissors position, sometimes known as the Maithuna posture, where the woman lies on her back diagonal to the man's body. He lies facing her with her nearest leg over his waist and her other leg stretched between his. As the ancient Chinese experts realised, the advantage of this position is both the man and the woman are lying comfortably in a relaxed position yet a wide range of movement is still possible.
- Much emphasis was placed on *breathing:* slowing down breathing during orgasm to intensify sensations; using deep, rapid breathing to increase arousal.
- *Skirting The Abyss:* This involves continually approaching orgasm as closely as possible and then deliberately pulling back at the last moment. As anyone knows who has tried it, the result is enormously increased sexual excitement and powerful orgasms.
- *Observation:* The course stressed the importance of *watching* — closely observing your partner's reactions during lovemaking so you can read his or her level of arousal. The more you learn to tune in on the changes in breathing, movements, skin flush and noises, the better you are able to maximise the pleasure you can provide. You must watch not only your partner, but yourself. Males, particularly those who have difficulties with ejaculation control, need to spend time by themselves and with their partner, focusing on all the subtle variations in sensation they experience.

PREMATURE EJACULATION DRUG

At a recent sexology conference, a Canadian psychiatrist, Dr Pierre Assalian, described the use of an anti-depressant, Clomipramine, in the treatment of premature ejaculation. The drug, used in the treatment of various psychiatric problems, was found to cause delayed ejaculation in men treated for other complaints. Assalian reported that by using Clomipramine he was able to help a number of patients who had been unable to solve their problem through conventional sex therapy. The drug works by inhibiting adrenergic receptors of the peripheral sympathetic nervous system. Assalian suggests the drug is appropriate for males suffering from a hypersensitive sympathetic nervous system. It is available in Australia under the Ciba-Geigy trade name Anafranil.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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